BASIC INSTINCT

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1 EXT. ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Panning across the city. Skyscrapers, bridges, lights. Finding Pacific Heights. Selecting an elegant brownstone. Closing in on a second story window. It's half open. Closer... Passing through the open window... Entering...

2 INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark; we don't see clearly.

A MAN and WOMAN make love on a brass bed. There are mirrors on the walls and ceiling. On a side table, atop a small mirror, lines of cocaine. A CD player PLAYS the Stones: "Sympathy for the Devil."

Atop him... she straddles his chest... her breasts in his face. He cups her breasts. She leans down, kisses him...

JOHNNY BOZ is in his late 40's, slim, good-looking. We don't see the woman's face. She has long blonde hair. The CAMERA STAYS BEHIND and to the side of them.

She leans close over his face, her tongue in his mouth... she kisses him... she moves her hands up... holds both of his arms above his head.

She moves higher atop him... she reaches to the side of the bed... a white silk scarf is in her hand... her hips above his face now, moving... slightly, oh-so slightly... his face strains towards her.

The scarf in her hand... she ties his hands with it... gently... to the brass bed... his eyes are closed... tighter... lowering hips into his face... lower... over his chest... his navel. The SONG plays.

He is inside her... his arms tied above him... on his back... his eyes closed... she moves... grinding... he strains for her... his head arches back... his throat white.

She arches her back... her hips grind... her breasts are high...

Her back arches back... back... her head tilts back... she extends her arms... the right arm comes down suddenly... the steel flashes... his throat is white...

He bucks, writhes, bucks, convulses...

It flashes up... it flashes down... and up... and down... and up... and...

3 EXT. A BROWNSTONE IN PACIFIC HEIGHTS - MORNING

Winter in San Francisco: cold, foggy. Cop cars everywhere. The lights play through the thick fog. Two homicide detectives get out of their unmarked car, walk into the house.

NICK CURRAN is 42. Trim, good-looking, a nice suit: a face urban, edged, shadowed. GUS MORAN is 64. Crewcut, silver beard, a suit rumpled and shiny, a hat out of the 50's: a face worn and ruined: the face of a backwoods philosopher.

4 INT. THE BROWNSTONE

There's money here -- deco, clean, hip -- That looks like a Picasso on the wall. They check it out.

GUS
Who was this fuckin' guy?

NICK
Rock and roll, Gus. Johnny Boz.

GUS
Never heard of him.

NICK
(grins)
Before your time, pop.
(a beat)
Mid-sixties. Five or six hits.
He's got a club down in the
Fillmore now.

GUS
Not now he don't.

Past the uniformed guys... nods... waves... past the FORENSIC MEN... past the CORONER'S INVESTIGATORS... they get to the bedroom.

5 INT. THE BEDROOM 5

They walk in, stare. It's messy. Johnny's bloody corpse is still tied to the bed.

It's like a convention in here. LT. PHIL WALKER, 50, greying hair, the Homicide Chief. CAPTAIN MARK TALCOTT, 50'S, well-kept, an expensive suit: an Assistant Chief of Police. Two homicide guys, both about 35: JIM HARRIGAN, affable, debriefs TWO UNIFORMED COPS; SAM ANDREWS, black, efficient, directs the FORENSICS TEAM. A CORONER'S GUY is working the bed.

LT. WALKER
(to Coroner's Guy)
Do we have a time of death?
(to Nick and Gus)
You guys know Captain Talcott?

NICK
Sure.

GUS
What's the Chief's office doin' here?

CAPT. TALCOTT
Observing.

The Coroner's Guy pulls what looks like a meat thermometer out of Johnny's dead liver.

LT. WALKER
What's it say, Doc?

CORONER'S GUY
Ninety-two degrees... that's about six hours...
(looks at watch)
Puts time of death at 2 A.M., plus or minus.

Harrigan writes it down.

Nick looks at the CD case on the stereo: Rolling Stones on Tour.

FORENSICS switches on a portable LASER scanner. A thin beam of GREEN LIGHT shines from the scope.

ANDREWS
Could somebody close the drapes, please?

Lt. Walker pulls some drapes over a bright window.

LT. WALKER
The maid came in an hour ago and found him. She's not a live-in.

GUS
Maybe the maid did it.

Gus closes other drapes. It gets dark. Forensics scans the room with the green laser beam, searching for fingerprints.

LT. WALKER
She's 54 years old and weighs 240 pounds.

CORONER'S GUY
(deadpan)
No bruises on the body.

GUS
It ain't the maid.

Suddenly "Sympathy for the Devil" SCREECHES from the speakers. Everybody turns in time to see Nick hit the mute button and restore quiet.

LT. WALKER
He left the club with his girlfriend about midnight. That's the last time anybody saw him.

NICK
(looks at body)
What was it?

HARRIGAN
Icepick...

Harrigan hands Nick a clear plastic bag containing a bloody icepick. Nick holds it up to the light.

HARRIGAN
Left on the coffee table in the living room.

The green laser causes several wet spots on the sheets to appear dark.

ANDREWS
There's come all over the sheets.

NICK
Very impressive.

GUS
He got off before he got offed.

CAPT. TALCOTT
Gentlemen...this is sensitive. Mr. Boz was a major contributor to the mayor's campaign. He was Chairman of the Board of the Palace of Fine Arts--

GUS
(to Nick)
I thought you said he was a rock and roll star.

LT. WALKER
He was a retired rock and roll star.

CAPT. TALCOTT
A civic-minded, very respectable rock and roll star.

GUS
What's that over there?

We see the white powder laid out in lines on the small mirror on the side table.

NICK
Looks like some civic-minded, very respectable cocaine to me, Gus.

CAPT. TALCOTT
(evenly, to Nick)
Listen to me, Curran. I'm going to get a lot of heat on this. I don't want any... mistakes.

Nick and Talcott look at each other a beat, then --

NICK
Who's the girlfriend?

Lt. Walker looks at the note pad in his hand.

LT. WALKER
Catherine Tramell, 162 Divisadero.

Nick writes it down in a small notebook. He and Gus turn, leave. Captain Talcott watches them. He looks disturbed.

6 INT. STAIRCASE

as they head out --

GUS
(to Nick)
He's up bright and early. Doesn't usually punch in 'til after his 18 holes.

NICK
Johnny and the mayor must've been very tight.

LT. WALKER (O.S.)
Nick!

He stops, turns, sees Walker behind them. Walker comes up to them.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
Keep your three o'clock.

NICK
Do you want me to work the case, Phil, or do you want me to --

LT. WALKER
I said keep it.

NICK
(after a beat)
Okay, I'll keep it.

7 EXT. CATHERINE TRAMELL'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

It is more a mansion than a house. They ring the bell. An Hispanic MAID answers. They flash their badges.

NICK
I'm Detective Curran, this is Detective Moran. We're with the San Francisco Police Department. We'd like to speak to Ms. Catherine Tramell.

THE MAID
(after a beat, an accent)
Just moment. Come in.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM

She leads them into a lavish, beautifully done parlor that offers a sweeping view of the Bay.

THE MAID
Sit, please. Just moment.

They look around, impressed. There is a Picasso on the wall here, too.

GUS
Ain't that cute? They got his and hers Picassos.

NICK
I didn't know you knew who Picasso was, Gus.

GUS
(points to signature)
Sure I do. Says right here.

Nick regards the Picasso.

NICK
Hers is bigger.

And at that moment a beautiful BLONDE walks into the room. She looks like she has been asleep. She is in her early 20's. She wears a very sheer robe.

NICK
We're sorry to disturb you, we'd like to ask you some --

THE WOMAN
Are you vice?

NICK
(after a beat)
Homicide.

THE WOMAN
What do you want?

GUS
When is the last time you saw John Boz?

THE WOMAN
Is he dead?

GUS
(after a beat)
Why do you think he's dead?

THE WOMAN
You wouldn't be here otherwise, would you?

GUS
Were you with him last night?

THE WOMAN
You're looking for Catherine, not me.

NICK
Who are you?

THE WOMAN
I'm Roxy.
(a beat)
I'm her -- friend.

She looks at them a beat.

NICK
Where can we find your friend, Roxy?

Roxy doesn't answer. They stare at her.

ROXY
(a beat)
She's out at the beach house at Stinson. Seadrift. 1402.

NICK
Thanks.

They start to head out.

ROXY
You're wasting your time. Catherine didn't kill him.

A beat, they look at her, and go...

9 EXT. ABOVE SHORELINE HIGHWAY (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 9

Soaring above rocky cliffs and pounding surf. Following their car along a treacherous winding road. Discovering STINSON BEACH, an expensive spit of land on the ocean. Multi-million dollar "beach houses" with gardens and swimming pools. Swooping down on their car as it nears Seadrift.

10 EXT. SEADRIFT 1402 - STINSON BEACH - DAY 10

Nick and Gus get out of the car in front of the house. Gus checks out the two Ferraris in the driveway -- one black, one white. Nick goes to the front door and peers through a glass panel into the house.

He can see through the rooms, through a wall of glass, to the rear terrace, where a woman crosses to a deck chair.

As Gus heads over, Nick starts toward the side yard and signals Gus to follow him.

11 EXT. BEACH HOUSE / OCEANFRONT TERRACE - DAY 11

Nick and Gus round the corner and reach a terrace perched on spectacular bluffs above the breakers.

As they get to the woman --

NICK
Ms. Tramell?

She takes a long look at Nick, then looks away.

CATHERINE TRAMELL is 30 years old. She has long blonde hair and a refined, classically beautiful face. She is not knockout gorgeous like Roxy; there is a smoky kind of sensuousness about her.

NICK
I'm De--

CATHERINE
(evenly)
I know who you are.

She doesn't look at them. She looks at the water.

CATHERINE
How did he die?

GUS
He was murdered.

CATHERINE
Obviously. -- How was he...

NICK
(cuts her short)
With an ice pick.

She closes her eyes a beat and then, still staring out, we see a thin smile. They see it, too, and glance at each other.

NICK
How long were you dating him?

CATHERINE
I wasn't dating him. I was fucking him.

They glance at each other again.

GUS
What are you -- a pro?

Catherine looks at him -- that thin smile again.

CATHERINE
No. I'm an amateur.

She looks away.

NICK
How long were you having sex with him?

CATHERINE
About a year and a half.

NICK
Were you with him last night?

CATHERINE
Yes.

GUS
Did you leave the club with him?

CATHERINE
Yes.

NICK
Did you go home with him?

CATHERINE
No. We had a drink at the club. We left together. I came here. He went home.

NICK
Was there anyone with you last night?

CATHERINE
(looks at Nick)
No. I wasn't in the mood last night.

They look at her a beat.

NICK
Let me ask you something, Ms. Tramell? Are you sorry he's dead?

Catherine looks at him.

CATHERINE
Yes. I liked fucking him.

They stare at her. She looks out at the water.

CATHERINE
I don't really feel like talking anymore.

GUS
Listen, lady, we can do this downtown if you --

CATHERINE
Read me my rights and arrest me and I'll go downtown.

She doesn't even look at them.

CATHERINE
(quietly)
Otherwise, get the fuck out of here. Please.

A long beat as they look at her.

12 INT. THEIR CAR - DAY 12

Gus drives. He and Nick chew gum. Nobody says anything.

Nick offers Gus another stick of gum. Gus shakes his head. Nick unwraps the foil and shoves the gum in his mouth.

GUS
Nice girl.

13 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 13

Following alongside the car as it speeds down the narrow path carved from the mountainside. PAN AND CRANE to the bay and the Golden Gate Bridge and San Francisco in the distance. CRASH ZOOM into the city...

14 INT. A CORRIDOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 14

Nameplate on a door: Dr. ELisabeth Garner, Counseling. Nick opens the door, walks in. The receptionist is not there. A clock says 3:15.

15 INT. THE COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY 15

He walks in -- sees the inner door open -- enters the counselor's office.

NICK
I'm sorry, Beth. I -- I got hung up in Stinson.

DR. ELISABETH GARNER, the police psychologist, is a very good-looking, dark-haired woman. She is 30.

BETH
(smiles)
How are you, Nick?

NICK
I'm fine. Come on, Beth! You know I'm fine! How the hell long do I have to keep doing this?

BETH
As long as Internal Affairs wants you to, I suppose. -- Have a seat.

NICK
It's bullshit. You know it is.

BETH
(smiles)
I know it is - but sit down anyway so we can get it over with, okay?

He sits down.

BETH
So -- how are things?

NICK
(after a beat)
Things are fine. I told you...
They're fine.

She watches him closely.

BETH
(after a beat)
What about your personal life?

NICK
My sex life is fine.
(a beat)
My sex life is pretty shitty actually, since I stopped seeing you.
(shows his palm)
I'm starting to get callouses.

She is not amused.

NICK
(after a beat)
Sorry.

She shrugs. A beat.

BETH
How's the booze?

NICK
It's been three months.

BETH
What about the coke?

NICK
No.

BETH
No?

NICK
(hard)
No! I'm working my tail off. I'm off the sauce, I'm not even smoking anymore.

She smiles.

BETH
How's not smoking?

NICK
It's fucked -- now will you please tell I.A.
(more)

NICK (Cont'd)
that I'm just your average healthy totally fucked-up cop and let me get out of here?

BETH
(after a beat; smiles)
Yes.

NICK
Thank you.

And he starts heading out.

BETH
(behind him)
I still miss you, Nick.

He doesn't even turn, pretends he didn't hear.

16 INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY 16

He walks in. Gus Moran gets up from his desk as soon as he sees him.

GUS
Talcott's in there. They're waiting.

They start heading for Lt. Walker's office.

GUS
How'd it go?

NICK
She misses me.

GUS
(opening door)
Boy, when she mates, it's for life.

17 INT. LT. WALKER'S OFFICE 17

Nick and Gus enter and find Lt. Walker, Harrigan, Andrews and Captain Talcott sitting around, waiting.

CAPT. TALCOTT
All right, let's go.

HARRIGAN
Sixteen stab wounds to the chest and neck. No usable prints, no forcible entry, nothing missing.

Gus sits. Nick goes to the coffee maker and fixes two cups.

HARRIGAN
No prints on the ice pick, either -- it's available at any K-Mart. The scarf is Hermes, expensive -- they sell about 20,000 a year worldwide.

Nick sets one cup of coffee in front of Gus.

ANDREWS
The powder was cocaine, high-quality, high-content. He inhaled it; there were minute quantities on his lips and penis. Mr. Boz leaves five million dollars, no direct survivors, and no criminal record. He liked his coke, he liked his girls, and he liked rock and roll.

NICK
He liked the mayor, too, right?

Talcott gives him a look.

GUS
What about his girlfriend?

CAPT. TALCOTT
Is she relevant here? Is she a suspect?

LT. WALKER
She's a suspect.

CAPT. TALCOTT
On what basis?

Nick leans on Lt. Walker's desk.

LT. WALKER
(looks at notes)
Catherine Tramell. Age 30. No priors, no convictions. Magna cum laude, Berkeley, 1983. Double major, Literature and Psychology. Daughter, sole survivor -- Marvin and Elaine Tramell, killed in a boating accident, 1979, Catherine Tramell sole heir. Estimated assets: 110 million.

It hangs there.

NICK
Are you kidding me?

LT. WALKER
(continues)
Formerly engaged to Manuel Vasquez, deceased --

ANDREWS
Manny Vasquez?

LT. WALKER
Manny Vasquez, former middleweight contender, killed in the ring Atlantic City, 1984.

Nick pours himself another cup of coffee.

NICK
I love it. She's got a hundred million bucks. She fucks fighters and rock and roll stars. And she's got a degree in screwing with people's heads.

LT. WALKER
You forgot her degree in literature. She's a writer. She published a novel last year under a pen name. Do you want to know what it's about?

They just stare at him.

LT. WALKER
It's about a retired rock and roll star who's murdered by his girlfriend.

It hangs there a long beat.

18 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 18

His apartment is very bare -- very few things -- with wide open spaces. There is a lot of chrome. He sits on the couch, reading a paperback. We see the title -- Love Hurts, by Catherine Woolf. He puts the book down a beat, then picks the phone up, dials.

NICK
Page 67, pop. Do you know how she does the boyfriend? With an ice pick, in bed, his hands tied with a white silk scarf.

19 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 1

Nick, Gus, Lt. Walker, Harrigan, Andrews, Captain Talcott -- and Beth Garner. With them is an older, white-haired man, DR. ANDREW LAMOTT. There are copies of Love Hurts around the table.

LT. WALKER
Dr. Garner?

BETH
I've asked Dr. Lamott to consult with us. This isn't really my turf. Dr. Lamott teaches the pathology of psychopathic behavior at Stanford and is also a member of the Justice Department's Psychological Profile Team. Dr. Lamott?

DR. LAMOTT
I see two possibilities. One: The person who wrote this book is your murderer and acted out the killing described in ritualistic, literal detail. Two: Someone who wants to harm the writer read the book and enacted the killing described to incriminate her.

NICK
(after a long beat)
What if the writer did it? What are we dealing with?

DR. LAMOTT
You're dealing with a devious, diabolical mind. -- This book must have been written at least six months, maybe years before it was published. That means the writer planned the crime, at least in the subconscious, back then. The fact that she carried it out indicates psychopathic obsessive behavior in terms not only of the killing itself but in terms of applied advance defense mechanism.

A long beat.

GUS
Sometimes I can't tell shit from shinola, Doc. What was all that you just said?

Some grins, titters.

BETH
She intended the book to be her alibi.

DR. LAMOTT
Correct.

BETH
She's going to say: Do you think I'd be dumb enough to kill anyone in the exact way I described in my book? I wouldn't do that because I'd know I'd be a suspect.

A long beat -- as they think about it.

NICK
What if it's not the writer? What if it's someone who read the book?

DR. LAMOTT
You're dealing then with someone so obsessed that he or she is willing to kill an irrelevant and innocent victim in order to place the blame on the person who wrote this book. We're talking about deep-seated, obsessional hatred and an utter lack of respect for human life.

GUS
So we've got a top-of-the-line, once-in-a-lifetime loony-tune either way you cut it -- that's what you're saying, right, Doc?

DR. LAMOTT
You're dealing with someone very dangerous and very ill.

20 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / CORRIDOR - DAY 20

PROSECUTOR JOHN CORELLI, overweight, in his 40's, sweeps out of his office in a hurry. Capt. Talcott, Lt. Walker, Nick, and Gus follow in his wake.

CORELLI
Come on, you know there's no case here. You've got no physical evidence.

GUS
She hasn't got an alibi.

CORELLI
Okay, she hasn't got an alibi. She hasn't got a motive either.

They reach the elevator. Corelli presses the call button.

CORELLI
Believe me, her defense would beat us to death with the copycat thing. Anybody who read the book could have done it.

The elevator doors open, and everyone crowds inside.

21 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 21

The doors close. They are pressed together.

NICK
So what do we do -- nothing?

LT. WALKER
(after a beat)
We bring her in for questioning.

CAPT. TALCOTT
She's got enough money to burn this whole department down.

LT. WALKER
She was the last person seen with the guy. -- I'll take the responsibility.

CAPT. TALCOTT
It's yours.

The elevator doors open. The group floods out.

22 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / CORRIDOR - OTHER LEVEL - DAY 2

Corelli heads for a courtroom. Attorneys and clients mill in the wide halls.

CORELLI
It won't do any good. She'll waltz in with some superstar lawyer who'll get all of us canned for wasting the taxpayers' money.

CAPT. TALCOTT
That's just what she'll do.

Corelli reaches for the door to the courtroom.

NICK
No she won't.

Corelli stops and turns. They all look at Nick.

NICK
(smiles)
I don't think she's going to hide behind anybody. I don't think she's going to hide at all.

CAPT. TALCOTT
(after a beat)
Then she's as crazy as you are, Curran.

Talcott and Corelli slip into court.

GUS
You know what they say: It takes one to know one.

Nick grins at Gus and Lt. Walker.

23 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 23

Bird's eye view of house and ocean as their unmarked car pulls into her driveway. The black Ferrari is parked in front.

24 EXT. HER FRONT DOOR - DAY 24

They ring the bell. They hear typing inside. The typing stops. She comes to the door in tight-fitting jeans and a sweatshirt.

NICK
Ms. Tramell, we'd like you to come downtown and answer some questions for us.

She look at him a beat, smiles.

CATHERINE
Are you arresting me?

NICK
If that's the way you want to play it.

They look at each other a beat.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Can I change into something more appropriate? It'll just take a minute.

He nods.

CATHERINE
Come in.

25 INT. BEACH HOUSE 25

The decor is elegant yet bold, with a few extravagant touches.

She goes to a bedroom off the living room.

Nick sits down on a couch facing the bedroom she's walked into. Gus sits across from him, his back to the bedroom. There is a coffee table between them. She leaves the bedroom door halfway open.

An old newspaper is on the coffee table. Nick reaches for it. The headline says: DRUG COP CLEARED IN TOURIST SHOOTINGS. A headline underneath says: GRAND JURY SAYS SHOOTINGS ACCIDENTAL. There is a photograph of Nick.

He stares at the paper.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
How long will this take?

Nick shows the paper to Gus. They share a look.

NICK
I don't know.

Nick, facing the half open bedroom door, sees a mirror near the wall of the bedroom. The mirror reflects her in the other corner of the bedroom. She is taking her clothes off. He stares. She strips down. He sees her back. She has a beautiful body. Naked, she puts a dress on. She doesn't put any underwear on.

NICK
Do you always keep old newspapers around?

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Only when they make interesting reading.

And she is suddenly out of the bedroom. She stands there, smiles. They look at each other a long beat.

CATHERINE
(finally)
I'm ready.

They get up, head out.

GUS
You have the right to an attorney.

CATHERINE
Why would I need an attorney?

Gus and Nick exchange a glance.

26 EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS ROAD (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 26

The police car winds along the treacherous two-lane road. The fog is heavy. We see the beach far below.

27 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 27

She sits up front with Gus. Nick watches her from the back seat. She turns to him.

CATHERINE
Do you have a cigarette?

NICK
I don't smoke.

CATHERINE
Yes you do.

NICK
I quit.

CATHERINE
Congratulations.

She turns back around. A beat, and he sees her light up a cigarette.

NICK
I thought you were out of cigarettes.

CATHERINE
I found some in my purse; would you like one?

NICK
I told you -- I quit.

CATHERINE
It won't last.

Gus glances at Nick in the rear view mirror.

GUS
You workin' on another book?

CATHERINE
Yes I am.

GUS
It must really be somethin' -- makin' stuff up all the time.

She looks at Gus.

CATHERINE
It teaches you to lie.

GUS
(glances at her)
How's that?

She twists sideways to face Gus.

CATHERINE
You make things up, but they have to be believable. It's called suspension of disbelief.

GUS
I like that. "Suspension of Disbelief."

NICK
What's your new book about?

She looks at him.

CATHERINE
A detective. He falls for the wrong woman.

NICK
What happens to him?

CATHERINE
She kills him.

A beat, as they look at each other, and then she turns and faces front. Gus looks in the rear view mirror at Nick.

28 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 28

Large, antiseptic. Windows on two walls.

She walks in with Nick and Gus. In the room are Prosecutor John Corelli, Capt. Talcott, and Lt. Walker. A video camera on a tripod records the proceedings.

As soon as she comes in --

CORELLI
I'm John Corelli, Ms. Tramell, assistant district attorney. I have to inform you that this session is being taped. -- This is Captain Talcott...

She offers her hand. They shake.

CAPT. TALCOTT
My pleasure.

CORELLI
And Lt. Walker.

She acknowledges his cool gaze with a nod.

CAPT. TALCOTT
Can we get you anything? A cup of coffee?

CATHERINE
No thank you.

CORELLI
Are your attorneys going to join us --

NICK
(hiding a smile)
Ms. Tramell waived her right to an attorney.

Corelli and Talcott glance at Nick. She sees the look.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Did I miss something?

NICK
I told them you wouldn't want an attorney present.

LT. WALKER
Why have you waived your right to an attorney, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE
(to Nick)
Why did you think I wouldn't want one?

NICK
I told them you wouldn't want to hide.

CATHERINE
I have nothing to hide.

The two of them keep their eyes on each other.

She sits down. They sit around her. Nick sits directly across from her. She lights up a cigarette. They watch her. She is poised, cool, in complete command of herself.

CORELLI
There's no smoking in this building, Ms. Tramell.

CATHERINE
What are you going to do? Charge me with smoking?

Ever so casually, she blows her smoke across at Nick.

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER 29

CORELLI
Would you tell us the nature of your relationship with Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE
I had sex with him for about a year and a half. I liked having sex with him.

She has control of the room: she looks from one man to the other as she speaks.

CATHERINE
He wasn't afraid of experimenting. I like men like that. Men who give me pleasure. He gave me a lot of pleasure.

A beat, as they watch her. She is so matter-of-fact.

CORELLI
Did you ever engage in sado-masochistic activity with him?

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Exactly what do you have in mind, Mr. Corelli.

CORELLI
Did you ever tie him up?

CATHERINE
No.

CORELLI
You never tied him up.

CATHERINE
No. Johnny liked to use his hands too much. I like hands -- and fingers.

They stare at her.

30 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER 3(

Gus closes some blinds to screen out the bright afternoon light.

LT. WALKER
You describe a white silk scarf in your book.

CATHERINE
I've always had a fondness for white silk scarves.
(caresses her wrist)
They're good for all occasions.

NICK
But you said you liked men to use their hands.

CATHERINE
No. I said I liked Johnny to use his hands.
(she smiles)
I don't give any rules, Nick. I go with the flow.

They have their eyes on each other.

31 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER 31

The sun is low. Harsh light now streaks in through the other window.

CORELLI
Did you kill Mr. Boz, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE
I'd have to be pretty stupid to write a book about a killing and then kill him the way I described in my book. I'd be announcing myself as the killer. -- I'm not stupid.

CAPT. TALCOTT
We know you're not stupid, Ms. Tramell.

LT. WALKER
Maybe that's what you're counting on to get you off the hook.

NICK
Writing the book gives you the alibi.

CATHERINE
Yes it does, doesn't it?

She holds his eyes a second, then --

CATHERINE
The answer is no. I didn't kill him.

32 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SUNSET 32

GUS
Do you use drugs, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE
Sometimes.

She spreads her legs just a bit in Nick's direction.

CORELLI
Did you ever do drugs with Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE
Sure.

GUS
What kind of drugs?

When Nick looks down at her, she crosses her legs.

CATHERINE
Cocaine.

She looks directly at Nick.

CATHERINE
Have you ever fucked on cocaine?
(she smiles)
It's nice.

He watches her.

33 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - TWILIGHT 33

NICK
You like playing games, don't you?

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I've got a degree in psychology. It goes with the turf. Games are fun.

They are holding each other's eyes.

NICK
How about boxing? That's a game. Was that fun for you?

They don't take their eyes off each other for a second.

CAPT. TALCOTT
I don't think that's relevant to this inquiry.

CATHERINE
(to Nick)
Boxing was fun. Til Manny died.

NICK
How did you feel when he died?

CATHERINE
I loved him. It hurt.

Their eyes are still on each other. In the distance, lightning flashes and thunder rumbles.

NICK
How did you feel when I told you Johnny Boz had died -- that day at the beach?

Lt. Walker switches on some lights.

CATHERINE
I felt somebody had read my book and was playing a game.

NICK
But it didn't hurt --

CATHERINE
No.

NICK
Because you didn't love him --

CATHERINE
That's right.

Their eyes are digging into each other.

NICK
Even though you were fucking him.

CATHERINE
You still get the pleasure. Didn't you ever fuck anybody while you were married, Nick?

A beat; he stares at her, expressionless.

LT. WALKER
How did you know he was married?

CATHERINE
(watching Nick)
Maybe I was guessing. What difference does it make?

She lights a cigarette. He stares at her.

CATHERINE
Would you like a cigarette, Nick?

He just stares at her, expressionless.

CORELLI
Do you two know each other?

NICK
No.

CATHERINE
(eyes on him)
No.

34 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 34

Outside, it's pouring. Raindrops dribble down the window panes. Neon signs cast rippling shadows on the walls.

LT. WALKER
How did you meet Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE
I wanted to write a book about the murder of a retired rock star. I went down to his club and picked him up. Then I had sex with him.

LT. WALKER
You didn't feel anything for him. You just had sex with him for your book.

She looks at Nick.

CATHERINE
In the beginning. Then I got to like what he did for me.

GUS
(after a beat)
That's pretty cold, ain't it lady?

CATHERINE
I'm a writer. I use people for what I write. Let the world beware.

She and Nick have their eyes on each other, then --

CATHERINE
(to Corelli, smiles)
Would you like me to take a lie detector test?

35 INT. POLYGRAPH BOOTH - NIGHT 35

She sits in a bare, windowless cubicle with a polygraph EXAMINER. The Examiner studies a strip of graph paper from the polygraph and shuts down the machine. Then he undoes the sensors from her fingertip and arm, and unstraps the belts from above and below her breasts.

EXAMINER
Wait here, please.

He rips the graph paper from the polygraph and heads out of the room. She looks straight ahead at the wall.

36 INT. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT 36

On a TV MONITOR, we see Catherine looking directly into the lens. PULL BACK and find Nick, Gus, Lt. Walker, and Talcott watching the monitor in a small office.

The Examiner enters the room.

EXAMINER
No blips, no blood pressure variations, no pulse variance. Either she's telling the truth or I've never met anyone like her.

A long beat.

CAPT. TALCOTT
(standing, relieved)
Then I guess that settles it.

Talcott leaves, and the others follow. Nick keeps watching her on the monitor as she lights a cigarette.

NICK
She's lying.

Walker stops at the door.

EXAMINER
Forget it. You can fool me; you can't fool the machine.

Nick heads out.

NICK
Trust me -- it can be done.

EXAMINER
And what makes you such an expert?

NICK
(a beat)
I know people who've done it.

Nick and Lt. Walker leave the room.

37 INT. POLYGRAPH DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 37

They arrive in the hallway just as Talcott and Catherine arrive emerge from her booth. She is carrying her things.

LT. WALKER
Thanks for coming in, Ms. Tramell. I'm sorry to inconvenience you.

She says nothing, has a thin smile.

CATHERINE
Can I ask one of you for a ride?

They look at her a beat.

NICK
Sure.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Thanks.

And he and Catherine walk away. Gus and Walker watch them.

38 INT. HIS CAR - NIGHT 38

A 1987 Porsche.

It is pouring rain; the wind rages: A San Francisco winter storm. Bright lights sweep across their faces. Water from oncoming cars splashes the windshield.

Nothing is said as he drives. She yawns. Stretches. He looks at her. She grins at him sleepily.

NICK
Rough day?

CATHERINE
Not really.

NICK
Beating that machine can't be easy.

She looks at him and looks away. A beat.

CATHERINE
If I were guilty, and I wanted to beat that machine, it wouldn't be that hard. It wouldn't be hard at all.

NICK
Why not?

CATHERINE
Because I'm a professional liar. I spend my whole life perfecting my lies.
(a beat)
For my writing.

A twelve-wheeler drives by. WHAP! A sheet of muddy water obscures the windshield for several seconds. Nick can't see a thing, but he doesn't slow down. When the wipers restore visibility, he's headed for oncoming traffic. A horn BLARES as he steers back into his lane.

CATHERINE
I love the rain, don't you?

He says nothing, doesn't look at her.

CATHERINE
You took a polygraph after you shot those two people, didn't you?

He looks at her now.

NICK
I passed.

CATHERINE
You see? We're both innocent, Nick.

39 EXT. CATHERINE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 3

His car splashes through a puddle and stops in front of her house. He sees the white Ferrari in the driveway. It's still raining.

NICK
You seem to know an awful lot about me.

CATHERINE
<u>You</u> know all about <u>me</u>.

NICK
I don't know anything that isn't police business.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
You know I don't like to wear any underwear, don't you, Nick?

They look at each other a beat. She slips off her shoes.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Thanks for the ride.

Taking her shoes in one hand, she steps out of the car. He watches her as she walks barefoot through the puddles and the rain -- his eyes on her until the moment she opens the door and is inside.

40 INT. THE TEN-FOUR - NIGHT 40

It is a police bar, San Francisco style. Ferns. Joe Montana and Will Clark posters. The jukebox has a lot of Tony Bennett.

He rushes in. Rain and wind blow through the open door. His hair and clothes are wet. He sees Lt. Walker at a back booth with Gus, goes to them, sits down.

LT. WALKER
What is all this "Nick" stuff?
Nick, would you like a cigarette?
Nick, can you give me a ride?

NICK
She didn't ask me for the ride.
She asked anybody.

LT. WALKER
And you volunteered.

A BARTENDER stays behind the bar, but yells to him.

THE BARTENDER
Nick... Perrier?

NICK
Double Black Jack rocks, Harry.

GUS
(with concern)
What you doin', son?

NICK
It's my first drink in three months. That okay with you, pop?
(to Lt. Walker)
She doesn't know me. I never saw her before Gus and I talked to her.

THE BARTENDER
Here you go, Nick.

He gets up, gets his drink --

NICK
Thanks, Harry.

He sits back down. He takes a big slug. They watch him. The man in the next booth, sitting back-to-back with Nick, also looks around.

LT. WALKER
You sure?

NICK
I'm sure.

He takes another big slug.

NICK
Now what?

LT. WALKER
What now what? Now nothing. She passed the polygraph. That's it.

NICK
She knew she could beat it. That's why she asked to take it.

LT. WALKER
How the fuck do you know? What is it with you and this broad anyway?

NICK
Come on, Phil. You're not gonna let this slide. What about her parents? What about what else she's published? Maybe all her books have a funny way of coming true.

LT. WALKER
Her parents died in an accident. I don't care what else she's written. What are you -- a book critic?

NICK
How did they die? Was there an investigation?

LT. WALKER
Now you're saying she killed her parents? Did she kill Manny Vasquez, too?

GUS
Not unless she got up in the ring and turned into one mean sonofabitch.

LT. WALKER
Maybe she did, Gus. Maybe she grew herself an Afro and learned a left hook and put shoe polish on her face. Let's polygraph her again and ask her about it.

NICK
(casually)
Fuck you, Phil.

LT. WALKER
(casually)
Fuck you, too, Nick.

A beat, then --

NICK
(calls the Bartender)
Can you get me another double Black Jack, Harry.

Gus looks at him with concern.

The man in the next booth turns around and addresses Nick. He is LT. MARTIN NILSEN -- overweight, florid.

NILSEN
(to Nick)
Hey, Shooter -- you back on the Black Jack, Shooter?

He grins. Nick doesn't look at him. Nilsen stands up and walks to the bar.

LT. WALKER
We're discussing a case, Marty.

NILSEN
I know that. I had no doubt about that.

THE BARTENDER
Here you go, Nick.

Nilsen takes the drink and hands it to Nick.

NILSEN
(grins)
Double, huh, Shooter?

Nick turns to him. He's sitting in the booth; Nilsen is standing there. Nick looks like he's barely restraining himself.

NICK
I'm off-duty, Nilsen. You hear me? I'm off-duty discussing a case. Internal Affairs shouldn't have any trouble with that. Maybe I should put in for overtime.

NILSEN
(grins)
Don't work too hard, Shooter.
It might drive you to drink.

A gust of wind blows through the bar as a woman enters. Nick gets up, faces him.

NICK
Stop riding me, Nilsen, or so help me, I'll ram your fuckin' teeth down your...!

Lt. Walker and Gus get up and hold Nick back. An I.A. GUY helps restrain Nilsen.

Beth Garner, the police psychologist, has now reached them.

BETH
Hey, hey, what's the problem?

NILSEN
No problem, Doctor. Here comes the shrink just in time to save her favorite patient.

He squeezes her against him with one arm.

BETH
Fuck off, Marty.

NILSEN
You kids have a good time.

He laughs and walks away. Nick still looks like he wants to go after him.

NICK
He's asking for it.

Beth pulls him aside.

BETH
That's right. So don't take the bait.

Nick calms himself. Looks at her.

NICK
You want to get out of here?

BETH
Yes.

She hooks her arm around his.

At the booth, Gus and Lt. Walker seem surprised to see the two of them leave together.

GUS
Maybe it's for old time's sake.

LT. WALKER
(watches them go out)
Sometimes I think he started banging her just to get himself off the hook with Internal Affairs.

Through the window, they see Nick and Beth dash by in the rain.

GUS
(after a beat, smiles)
He ain't that way. He's got heart.

LT. WALKER
(smiles)
Yeah. I know.

41 INT. BETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 41

Outside, it's STORMING. Inside, he is kissing her -- hard, rough. He forces her against the wall.

BETH
Don't -- please, Nick --

We hear her dress RIP. He kisses her harder -- we hear her panties RIP. He gets the dress off, pushes his hands under her bra and scoops out her breasts --

BETH
Please don't -- don't --

He puts his mouth to her shoulder, bites it -- as they move down to the floor.

42 INT. BETH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

It is dark. They are still partially dressed. They are on the floor. He lies on his back, staring at the ceiling. She lies next to him -- the torn dress wound around her. There is a bite mark on her shoulder. A long beat, silence -- then --

BETH
What was she like?

NICK
Who?

BETH
Catherine Tramell.

NICK
(after a beat)
You had her pegged. -- She used the book as her alibi.

She sits up, looks away. He looks at her, puts his finger on the bite mark idly, gently. A beat, and he kisses her shoulder gently, then lies back down.

BETH
I met her at Berkeley.

He looks at her.

BETH
We were in some of the same classes.

NICK
(after a beat)
Why didn't you tell me?

She looks at him.

BETH
I'm telling you.

They look at each other a long beat.

BETH
You've never been like that before.

He says nothing, looks away from her.

BETH
Why?

He doesn't look at her a long beat, says nothing.

NICK
You're the shrink.

She keeps looking at him. He won't look at her. She gets up.

BETH
You weren't making love to me.

She pulls on her dress.

NICK
Who was I making love to?

She looks at him a long beat.

BETH
You weren't making love.

They look at each other a long beat, then he turns away and grabs his briefs from the floor.

NICK
I need a cigarette.

BETH
I thought you quit.

He shrugs and pulls on his shorts.

BETH
Top drawer in the foyer.
(a beat)
Get it on your way out.

She goes into her bedroom and shuts the door. He stands there, then picks up his pants.

43 INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - MORNING

He walks in. He looks hung-over. He sees Gus with Harrigan and Andrews and Lt. Walker in Lt. Walker's glass-enclosed office at the end of this big room.

They look at him when they see him.

LT. WALKER
You look like dogshit.

GUS
(grins)
He looks a little shrunk, is all.

HARRIGAN
And not just in the head.

Harrigan sets a cup of coffee in Nick's lap.

ANDREWS
I made some calls over to Berkeley. There was a murder in '77. A professor -- ice pick, in his bed, multiple stab wounds.

NICK
(a thin smile)
She was there then, wasn't she?

LT. WALKER
University records say she was.

He and Nick look at each other a long beat, then --

LT. WALKER
Okay, let's move on it. -- Gus, go over to Berkeley.
(more)

LT. WALKER (Cont'd)
Harrigan -- find out what else she's published. Andrews -- get the files on her parents' accident. Copy Beth on everything. I want some psychological input on this one.

Andrews and Harrigan go; Nick is left there with Gus.

NICK
What about me?

GUS
You're already gettin' psychological input, son.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
Go stick your head in a tub of ice water.
(a beat; then seriously)
See where she leads.

44 EXT. THE BEACH HOUSE - DAY 44

The black Ferrari is in the driveway. He sits in an unmarked police car on a hillside above the house, watching. It is a bleak, leaden gray day.

Catherine comes out of the house. She is dressed casually. She gets into the Ferrari.

45 EXT. ABOVE PANORAMIC HIGHWAY (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 45

Soaring over the two-lane winding highway which leads from Stinson Beach into Marin County. There's the Ferrari. A safe distance back is Nick's unmarked car.

46 INT. HIS POLICE CAR - DAY 46

Nick follows her, not too closely.

She suddenly starts speeding up on this dangerous road, cutting in and out, passing cars very fast.

He has to start cutting around cars to keep up. This woman really drives.

She pulls into the oncoming lane, heading into a blind curve. He edges out with her, two cars back.

She slices back into traffic, revealing a Grey Lines Tour Bus barreling toward him at full speed.

There's a car on his right. Sheer cliffs on both sides.

He floors it. The bus BLASTS its horn and keeps coming. The car on the right won't slow down. He's blocked.

He slams on his brakes and skids back into his lane just as the bus and its horn ROAR past.

Close call.

He looks frazzled.

47 INT. HIS POLICE CAR - DAY 47

He is behind her at a distance on a hilly Mill Valley road -- little streets, terraced hillsides, sharp turns. He goes slowly, looks around, thinks he's lost her. And then he sees the black Ferrari parked in front of a house obscured by hedges.

He parks the car at a distance behind the Ferrari, sits there a long beat. He gets out, goes carefully up to the hedges, looks. A small, nondescript house. He watches. He can't see anything inside the house.

A beat, he reaches over to the mailbox and opens it. He takes an envelope out, looks at the name: HAZEL DOBKINS.

48 INT. HIS POLICE CAR - TWILIGHT 48

He watches as she comes out of the house. A frail old woman in her 70's is with her. She hugs the old woman, gets into the Ferrari, STARTS it up.

He waits a beat and then STARTS after her, keeping a distance.

49 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT 49

She slowly approaches a traffic signal. Two cars are stopped side by side at the red light.

Suddenly she GUNS it, heading straight for the impossibly narrow space between the two cars. At full speed, she slices between them and crosses the intersection just as the light turns green.

As the two cars start up, they drift closer together, blocking Nick. He tries to pass. He can't. He angrily swerves into the lane of oncoming traffic and roars past them.

But Catherine's car is gone. There is a fork in the road. He turns one way, goes a few hundred feet.

Nothing. Blackness. He stops.

NICK
(quietly)
Shit.

50 INT. HIS POLICE CAR - NIGHT 50

He pulls his car up to her house at Stinson Beach. The black Ferrari is in the driveway.

51 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 51

He gets out of the car and walks to a wall by the garage. Over the gate, he sees the heated swimming pool, glowing, steaming in the darkness.

A light goes on in an upstairs bedroom. The curtain is drawn. He sees the outline of her body now.

She starts to take her clothes off -- there in the window, behind the curtain. He watches her body as she does an almost languorous strip. The roar of crashing waves. His eyes are intense -- ravishing.

52 INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT 52

He is alone, nobody else in the big room.

He sits in front of a computer. We see the screen. He has punched in:

HAZEL DOBKINS, WF, 145 ALBION RD., MILL VALLEY.

He is waiting for a response. We see it come on screen:

NOTHING CURRENT.

A long beat, as he stares at the screen, and then we see these words:

RELEASED, SAN QUENTIN, JULY 7, 1965.

We see him type in the words:

PRIOR ARREST RECORD.

A long beat, and then it comes up:

HOMICIDE, JANUARY 10, 1956
SAN FRANCISCO

He stares at the screen a long beat.

GUS
(behind him)
Ain't you got nothin' better to do than come in here and jack off the damn machine?

NICK
(after a beat; lost in his thoughts)
What are you doing here, pop?

GUS
(grins)
I came in here to jack off the damn machine.

Gus sits down next to Nick at the computer.

GUS
One dead psychology professor. Noah Goldstein. Dr. Noah Goldstein. And guess what? He was her counselor.

Gus rolls his chair in front of the monitor. Nick looks at him a beat.

NICK
Was she ever a suspect?

GUS
No, sir. They never even got a statement from her.
(turns to the monitor)
Hazel Dobkins?

NICK
You know her?

GUS
Couldn't get it outta my head for years. Nice little housewife -- three little kids -- nice husband, wasn't porkin' around -- no financial problems. One day -- outta the clear blue sky -- she does 'em. All of 'em. Used a knife she got for a wedding present. Didn't even deny it. Sweet as honey. Said she didn't know why she done it.

Nick just stares at him.

53 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 53

He pulls up to the house, gets out of his unmarked police car. He walks around the side of the house.

54 EXT. OCEANSIDE TERRACE 54

He hears MUSIC playing inside. He approaches a glass door. As he leans close to peer through the reflections, the door slides open. Catherine stands there in very tight-fitting spandex leotards.

CATHERINE
Hi.

He looks at her a beat, then --

NICK
Am I disturbing you?

CATHERINE
No. Come in.

They have their eyes on each other. A beat, and she turns to go in.

55 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 55

She goes in ahead of him -- he follows her inside. He watches her body. She turns the MUSIC DOWN.

On a table by the window, he sees a word processor. Spread around it are newspaper clippings. They are all about him. We see the headline on one: KILLER COP TO FACE POLICE REVIEW. She sees him glancing at the clips.

CATHERINE
I'm using you for my detective. In my book. You don't mind, do you?

She smiles. He looks at her, expressionless.

CATHERINE
Would you like a drink? I was just going to have one.

NICK
No, thanks.

She goes to the bar.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
That's right. You're off the Jack Daniel's too, aren't you?

She takes a hunk of party ice from the freezer and cracks it against the edge of the sink. Half, she puts back; half, she places in the ice bucket. Then she opens a drawer and gets an ice pick. It has a fat wooden end.

NICK
I want to ask you a few more questions.

CATHERINE
I want to ask you some, too.
(glances at him, smiles)
For my book.

She chips at the ice, her back to him.

NICK
You got somethin' against ice cubes?

CATHERINE
I like rough edges.

She turns back to the ice, works on it with the pick. She raises her arm, plunges it. Raises it, plunges it. He watches her.

NICK
What did you want to ask me?

She puts the ice pick down, pours herself a drink, turns to him.

CATHERINE
How does it feel to kill someone?

He looks at her a long beat.

NICK
(finally)
You tell me.

CATHERINE
I don't know. But you do.

Their eyes are on each other.

NICK
(finally)
It was an accident. They got in the line of fire.

CATHERINE
Four shootings in five years. All accidents.

NICK
(after a beat)
They were drug buys. I was under cover.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

NICK
Tell me about Professor Goldstein.

A beat.

CATHERINE
There's a name from the past.

NICK
You want a name from the present? How about Hazel Dobkins?

She looks at him a long beat, sips her drink, never takes her eyes off him.

CATHERINE
Noah was my counselor in my freshman year.
(she smiles)
That's probably where I got the idea for the ice pick. For my book. Funny how the subconscious works.

NICK
Hilarious.

CATHERINE
(a beat)
Hazel is my friend.

NICK
She wiped out her whole family.

CATHERINE
Yes. She's helped me understand homicidal impulse.

NICK
Didn't you study it in school?

CATHERINE
Only in theory.
(she smiles)
You know all about homicidal impulse, don't you, Shooter? Not in theory -- in practice.

He stares at her a long beat.

CATHERINE
(quietly)
What happened, Nick? Did you get sucked into it? Did you like it too much?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

He stares at her, almost horrified.

CATHERINE
(quietly)
Tell me about the coke, Nick. The day you shot those two tourists -- how much coke did you do?

NICK
I don't know what you're talking about.

She steps closer to him.

CATHERINE
You can tell me, Nick.

She puts her hand softly on his cheek. He grabs her hand roughly, holds it.

NICK
I didn't.

CATHERINE
Yes, you did. They never tested you, did they? But Internal Affairs knew.

They are face to face. He is still holding her roughly by the hand.

CATHERINE
Your wife knew, didn't she? She knew what was going on. Nicky got too close to the flame. Nicky liked it.

He twists her arm back behind her -- their bodies are pressed against each other -- their eyes digging into each other.

CATHERINE
(in a whisper)
That's why she killed herself?

He is twisting her arm, staring at her, pulling her against him. We hear the DOOR behind them. A beat, and he lets her go, turns away from her.

Roxy stands there, staring at them. Her hair is up. She wears a black motorcycle jacket, a black T-shirt, and black jeans and cowboy boots.

CATHERINE
(brightly)
Hiya, hon. You two have met, haven't you.

Roxy looks at Nick. Catherine goes to her, kisses her briefly on the lips, stands there with her arm around her -- both of them looking at Nick.

He walks by them, opens the door to go, his face a mask.

CATHERINE
You're going to make a terrific character, Nick.

He doesn't look at her; he's gone.

56 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY 56

Elevator doors slide open and he dashes out. Camera follows him as he storms into Beth's office.

57 INT. BETH GARNER'S OFFICE - DAY 57

He looks like he's going to kill someone. A RECEPTIONIST sits there.

RECEPTIONIST
She's on the phone -- she'll be right with you, detective --

He sweeps by her into Beth's inner office. She hangs up when she sees the look on his face.

NICK
Who has access to my file?

BETH
What are you talking about, Nick -- what's wrong with you?

NICK
(very hard)
Who's got access to my goddamn file?

She gets up -- he goes closer to her; she backs away from him.

BETH
Nobody.

He goes closer to her; she backs away.

BETH
It's a confidential psychiatric record, it'd be illegal --

She backs into a wall. She looks very scared. He comes very close to her -- puts his arm behind her to the wall.

NICK
Don't, Beth. Don't lie to me.

She says nothing, looks scared.

NICK
(suddenly)
It's Internal Affairs, isn't it?

BETH
No, Nick, please --

NICK
(loud, hard)
Who?

BETH
(blurts it)
Nilsen.

58 INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - DAY 58

He charges into the big room. He sees MARTY NILSEN sitting behind his desk in the glass-enclosed office inside this big room. He goes by about a dozen plainclothes policemen into Nilsen's office.

59 INT. MARTIN NILSEN'S OFFICE 59

Nilsen sees the look on his face, backs his chair away towards the wall.

NILSEN
What do you want, Curran?

Nick goes straight for him, picks him up by his lapels, slams him against the wall.

NICK
(out of control)
You sold her my file, didn't you?

NILSEN
(scared)
What are you talking about?

He slams him against the wall again. Three I.A. men rush to Nilsen's rescue.

NICK
What'd she pay you, you mother-fucker?

The I.A. men pull Nick away. Wildly, he elbows them away and grabs Nilsen by the throat.

NICK
What'd she pay you?!

We hear several CLICKS.

I.A. GUY (O.S.)
Let him go, Curran. Nice and easy.

Nick freezes, looks back and sees three I.A. men with their guns pointed at him.

A beat, and he lets Nilsen go.

He turns calmly and starts to walk out. A beat, and Nilsen shouts after him.

NILSEN
You fucked yourself, Shooter! Ya hear me? You're out! You're out!

60 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / PARKING LOT - DUSK 60

Gus barrels through the double doors and sees Nick as he reaches his Porsche.

GUS
Nick! NICK!

Nick turns and sees Gus hustling to catch up with him. He waits as Gus ambles over, wheezing and out of breath.

GUS
What's goin' down, son?

NICK
Nothin'.
(a beat)
I'll be okay, pop.

They look at each other a long beat.

GUS
No sir. You won't. They're gonna want your badge.

NICK
(after a long beat)
I got tired of being played with.

GUS
(after a beat)
You got a real conclusive way of demonstrating that.

They almost smile at each other, then --

NICK
She knows where I live and breathe. She's coming after me.

GUS
(after a long beat)
What is it you got between you?

NICK
(after a beat; to himself)
I don't know.

GUS
Somethin', though.

A beat, and then Nick looks at him.

NICK
Yeah.
(a beat)
Somethin'.

61 INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT 61

He sits in front of the TV, watching a lame sitcom. A bottle of Jack Daniel's is half-empty in front of him. He is smoking a cigarette.

There's a KNOCK at the door. He doesn't respond. The TV sound track gives him away.

BETH (O.S.)
Nick?... Nick, are you there?

NICK
Go away, Beth. I don't want to see you.

The dead lock turns, and the door opens.

BETH
I still have my key.

She walks in, holding a big novelty key ring.

NICK
Put it on the table and leave.

She throws the whole ring down on the floor.

BETH
Damnit, don't shut me out! You owe me more than that.

Calmly, he gets off the sofa and picks up the keys.

NICK
I don't owe you anything; you don't owe me anything.

He starts to remove one key from the ring.

NICK
We went to bed -- what was it? -- ten or fifteen times?
(glances up)
It wasn't memorable enough to carry any obligations.

He gets his key and hands her the ring. She takes it.

BETH
Sometimes I really hate you.

NICK
(smiles)
Yeah? Well why don't you find yourself a friendly therapist and work some of that hostility out.
(a beat)
Maybe then you could get off once in a while. -- Before the next guy dies of boredom.

A beat, and she suddenly hurls herself at him in absolute fury, trying to claw at his face. He grabs her, blocks her. They look at each other a long beat and then he lets her go.

The emotion of the moment is gone now -- they turn away from each other.

BETH
(finally)
I'm sorry... I don't usually... act like that.

Nick looks at her a beat.

NICK
How could you let him have my file, Beth?

BETH
I had to. -- He was going to recommend your discharge from the force. He didn't buy my evaluation. Said I wasn't objective. So I made a deal with him to review the session notes himself. I didn't think he'd show them to anybody.

She looks at him. He looks back, stone-faced.

NICK
You did it for me.

BETH
Yes. I care about you. I did it for you.

He turns away from her.

NICK
(quietly)
Get out of here, Beth.
(a beat)
Please?

He goes to the Jack Daniel's, pours some more. She looks at him pour it and turns to go.

62 INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT 62

He is asleep on the couch -- the TV is on to a grade-B horror movie featuring a hokey demonic monster. The Jack Daniel's is mostly gone. The phone on the coffee table RINGS. It RINGS again. He wakes, picks it up, listens.

NICK
Yeah.
(a beat)
Okay.

He hangs up. He sits there a long beat, staring. He looks disturbed.

63 INT. NICK'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 63

His POV driving toward the alley. Turning the corner. Lots of police cars, flashing lights, uniformed men, coroner's men. Coming to a stop.

64 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE TEN-FOUR BAR - NIGHT 64

Nick gets out and walks over to Lt. Walker, Gus, and several of the Internal Affairs men we saw earlier in Nilsen's offices. They are standing around a Lincoln Town Car.

They look at him as he comes closer to them -- then move aside.

He can see into the car now. Martin Nilsen lies against the front seat. He has been shot in the head. Nick stares.

GUS
One shot. Close range. Probably a .38 caliber revolver.

Nick stares at Nilsen's body. They watch him.

LT. WALKER
Give me your gun, Nick.

A beat, and then Nick gives him his gun. Walker smells it, shakes his head, gives it to one of the Internal Affairs men.

NICK
(to Walker)
You think I...

Walker looks at Nick without answering, then walks off.

GUS
I don't, son, but I got the minority opinion.

65 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAWN 65

He sits in the same room Catherine sat in -- surrounded by three Internal Affairs men, Lt. Walker, Gus, and Captain Talcott. Lt. Walker and Gus sort of sit back -- I.A. is running the investigation.

NICK
Okay, I went after him. I lost my temper.

I.A. #2
Do you have any evidence that he showed your psychiatric file to anyone?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

Beth Garner comes into the room. They look at her.

I.A.GUY
We'll speak to you afterwards, Dr. Garner.

Nick gives her a look.

BETH
I'd like to sit-in if you don't mind.

I.A. GUY
I'd really rather --

CAPT. TALCOTT
I don't see anything wrong with Dr. Garner sitting-in if Detective Curran doesn't object.

Nick looks at her, shrugs. She sits.

I.A. #3
Where were you tonight?

NICK
Home. Watching TV.

I.A. #3
All night?

NICK
Yeah.

I.A. GUY
Were you drinking?

He looks at Beth.

NICK
Yeah, I was drinking.

I.A. GUY
When did you start drinking again?

NICK
(after a beat)
A couple of days ago.

BETH
I saw Detective Curran at his apartment around ten o'clock. He was sober and lucid. I asked him in my capacity as his departmental therapist about his altercation with Lt. Nilsen. He expressed regret and displayed no hostility.

I.A. #3
(to Beth)
How long were you at his apartment?

BETH
About fifteen minutes. I saw there was no reason for my concern and left.

She and Nick look at each other. He looks away and lights a cigarette.

I.A. #2
There's no smoking in this building.

NICK
(after a beat)
What are you gonna do -- charge me with smoking?

Gus glances at Nick.

LT. WALKER
I'll ask you once, Nick -- for the record: Did you kill him?

NICK
No.

The I.A. guys look at him a beat.

NICK
Come on -- I'm going to storm into his office in front of everybody in the afternoon and then that night I'm going to kill him? I'd have to be really dumb to do that.

Nick and Gus exchange a look.

I.A. GUY
Going after him before gets you off the hook for killing him: that's your alibi.

LT. WALKER
Like writing a book about killing a guy gets you off the hook for killing him.

NICK
(ironic)
Good point.

Nick and Lt. Walker suppress a smile.

I.A. #3
(to Walker)
I don't understand. What are you talking about? What book?

LT. WALKER
Private joke.

CAPT. TALCOTT
I don't think it's funny.
(standing)
You're going on leave, Curran. Pending the outcome of a psychiatric evaluation.

66 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / ELEVATOR LOBBY - EARLY MORNING 66

He is by the elevators with Gus and Lt. Walker. Janitors buff the floors. He spots Beth going for the stairway.

NICK
(to Lt. Walker)
I'll get my stuff tomorrow.

67 INT. STAIRWAY - EARLY MORNING 67

He dashes after her.

NICK
Beth.

She stops. He catches up to her. They walk down the flights together. They speak quietly.

NICK
Thank you.

She looks at him, smiles. They keep walking down the steps.

BETH
It's the least I could do... considering I got you into this mess with those reports.

NICK
(smiles)
No. I mean it, thank you.

She looks at him, smiles.

BETH
How do you know Catherine Tramell saw your file?

NICK
She knows stuff about me that I only told you.

BETH
(after a beat)
She must really be something.
(she smiles)
From a clinical point of view.

NICK
What was she like in school?

BETH
I hardly knew her. -- She gave me the creeps, though. I don't know why.

He opens the door for her.

68 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / PARKING AREA - EARLY MORNING 68

They walk to his car, which is parked nearby. Beth kisses him quickly, softly on the cheek.

BETH
Get some rest. Promise?

He nods. She starts walking toward her car.

NICK
Beth. I didn't mean what I said. About --

BETH
(smiles)
Yes you did. I'm a big girl. I can handle it.

She walks on. He watches her a beat, then opens the door of his car.

69 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - NEXT DAY 69

He is cleaning out his desk, putting things into a duffel bag. Only Andrews is in the room. We see Lt. Walker in his glass-enclosed office.

He closes the duffel bag, looks at the place a long beat. Andrews is watching him. He goes up to Andrews.

ANDREWS
(after a beat)
Take care, you hear?

NICK
(after a beat)
Did you find out about her parents?

ANDREWS
You're on leave, man.
(a beat)
You're on psycho leave. I'm talking to a possible whacko here.

NICK
You know I'm whacko, Sam, what'd you find?

A beat, and Andrews opens the file.

ANDREWS
The boat blew. Leak in the gas line. There were two previous repairs. There was a five-mil policy on both of 'em. A real heavy investigation. Zilch. Goose-egg. It was an accident.

NICK
(after a beat)
Thanks.

He sees Lt. Walker looking at him. He goes into Walker's office.

70 INT. LT. WALKER'S OFFICE 70

LT. WALKER
I.A.'s going to talk to you more about Nilsen. They're handling the investigation, we're not. Stay in touch with Dr. Garner, it'll help on the evaluation.

NICK
(after a beat)
She killed him.

LT. WALKER
Beth? Now you've got Beth killing people.

NICK
Catherine Tramell. It's part of her game.

LT. WALKER
First you've got her buying your file. Now you've got her killing Nilsen. Forget her, will ya? Go someplace. Sit in the sun. Get her out of your system.

NICK
You don't buy it, do you? She knew nobody would buy it.
(he smiles)
She knew I'd say she did it. And she knew nobody would buy it.

Lt. Walker looks at him a long beat.

LT. WALKER
She's screwing with your head, Nick. Stay away from her.

71 INT. HIS PORSCHE - MORNING 71

His POV driving up to his corner. Her black Ferrari is parked in front. Rolling beyond it, Catherine comes into view sitting on the front stoop. She wears an Indian jacket, jeans and a T-shirt.

72 EXT. HIS APARTMENT - MORNING 72

He parks on the street. She walks over as he gets out with his duffel bag.

CATHERINE
I heard about what happened. What good's a shooter without his gun?

She smiles.

NICK
(a beat)
How exactly did you hear?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
I have attorneys. They have friends. I have friends. Money buys you a lot of attorneys and friends.

NICK
(after a beat)
I don't know about that: I don't have any money: I don't have any attorneys: Gus is my only real friend.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I wasn't talking about <u>real</u> friends. Why doesn't Gus like <u>me</u>?

NICK
(after a beat)
I like you.

CATHERINE
<u>Do</u> you?

NICK
(smiles)
Yeah. You wanna come up for a drink?

She looks at him a beat.

CATHERINE
I didn't think you'd ask me.

He looks at her a beat.

NICK
(smiles)
I guess you don't know your character very well.

They start walking inside.

73 INT. HIS APARTMENT BUILDING / LOBBY AND STAIRS - DAY 73

She walks ahead of him. He watches her.

CATHERINE
I'm learning. Pretty soon I'll know you better than you know yourself.

NICK
Don't be so sure.

CATHERINE
Why not?

NICK
I'm very...

CATHERINE/NICK
(simultaneously)
Unpredictable?/Unpredictable.

He tries not to frown. She tries not to grin. He unlocks the door, and she goes inside.

74 INT. HIS APARTMENT - DAY 74

She looks at the bareness of his home. Takes off her jacket.

CATHERINE
You should put some warmth into the place. You don't want it to reflect on your personality.

NICK
I'm not trying to fool anybody.

She turns, smiles at him. He looks at the bottle of Jack Daniel's; there's not much left.

NICK
Jack Daniel's okay? It's gonna have to be.

CATHERINE
Fine.

NICK
Ice?

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Please.

There is a palpable tension between them.

He takes out a hunk of ice, opens a drawer, and removes an ice pick just like the murder weapon.

NICK
I've been expecting you.
(shows her the pick)
K-Mart. A dollar sixty-five.

CATHERINE
Let me do that. You like to watch me doing it, don't you?

She smiles; a beat and he hands her the ice pick.

She takes it, starts to use the ice pick, her back to him. He lights a cigarette.

CATHERINE
Can I have one, too? I told you you'd start smoking again.

He watches her working on the ice.

CATHERINE
Light it for me, will you?

He does, steps to her. She parts her lips -- he puts it on her lip, watches it. Their eyes are on each other.

CATHERINE
Thank you.

She works on the ice again, then opens the cabinets for glasses.

NICK
What did you pay Nilsen for my file?

CATHERINE
(doesn't look at him)
Isn't he the policeman that you shot, Shooter?

She makes the drinks.

NICK
What if I ask you not to call me Shooter?

CATHERINE
What if I call you Nicky?

NICK
(after a beat)
My wife used to call me that.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I know, Nicky, but I like it.

She hands him his drink, holds hers.

CATHERINE
Cheers. My friends call me Catherine.

NICK
What did Manny Vasquez used to call you?

CATHERINE
Bitch mostly, but he meant it affectionately. You don't have any coke, do you? I love coke with Jack Daniel's.

NICK
(after a beat)
There's a Pepsi in the fridge.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
It's not the same thing, is it?

They look at each other a long beat, their eyes very involved.

NICK
(quietly)
Where's it going? What do you want from me?

Their faces are close together.

CATHERINE
Say -- "What do you want from me, Catherine?"

NICK
(after a beat, quietly)
What the fuck do you want from me, Catherine?

A beat, and she suddenly turns away.

CATHERINE
(brightly)
I brought you something.

She goes to her purse, takes a paperback book out of it. We see it -- The First Time, by Catherine Woolf. He looks at it.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Aren't you going to thank me?

NICK
What's it about?

CATHERINE
A boy kills his parents. They have a plane. He makes it look like an accident.

He stares at her. A long beat, then --

NICK
Why does he do it?

CATHERINE
To see if he can get away with it.

They look at each other a beat.

NICK
When did you write it?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
You mean did I write it before my parents died?

NICK
Yes.

CATHERINE
No. I wrote it years afterwards.

She picks up her jacket and gets ready to go.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
You're not going to stop following me around now, are you, just because you're on leave?

He helps her on with her jacket.

NICK
Absolutely not.

CATHERINE
Good. I'd miss you.

They walk toward the door.

CATHERINE
You can get into trouble, though. You're not really a cop anymore.

He opens the door.

NICK
I'll risk it.

They go out.

75 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT HOUSE STAIRWAY - DAY 75

They stand on the landing.

CATHERINE
Why take the risk?

NICK
To see if I can get away with it.

She looks at him, smiles, and heads down the stairs. Nick bends over the railing and watches her.

NICK
How's the new book?

CATHERINE
It's almost writing itself.

She stops and looks up.

CATHERINE
I'm leaving the house around midnight. In case you're going to follow me.
(starts walking)
I'm going down to Johnny's club.

NICK
I'll meet you there.

She disappears from view. He heads back inside.

At the bottom of the stairs, Catherine passes Gus Moran on his way up. He does a real double-take as he goes by her.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Hi, Gus.

He looks after her. A long beat, and he goes upstairs toward Nick's apartment.

76 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT 76

Nick stands at the window, watching her get into her car. A long beat, and he turns to Gus, who enters through the door which was left ajar.

GUS
(after a beat)
Forgive me for askin', son, and I don't mean to belabor the obvious, but why is it that you've got your head so far up your own ass?

NICK
(after a beat)
She wants to play? Fine. I can play.

GUS
Everybody that she plays with dies.

NICK
(after a beat, quietly)
I know what that's like.

77 INT. JOHNNY BOZ'S CLUB - NIGHT 77

It is dark, cavernous: there are a thousand people in here. The MUSIC is ear-splitting, pulsing. Lights flash. The floor is huge. At one time, this club was a church.

He walks around the sides, a drink in his hand, looking for her. He doesn't see her.

Then he catches a glimpse of Roxy. She is dancing with another woman. He watches her. She is wearing pants and a jacket, her hair off to the side. She looks very masculine tonight.

Roxy LAUGHS at the other woman, leaves her on the floor, starts moving through the sea of dancers. He follows her through the press of bodies. She goes towards the men's room. She walks in.

78 INT. THE MEN'S ROOM 78

It is large, dark, shadowy: It was once the sacristy.

A crowd scene: men and women. Roxy presses through them. A haze of crack smoke; we see people doing poppers.

She opens the door to a toilet stall, walks in. Nick is behind her. As the door opens, he sees Catherine.

She wears a black motorcycle jacket, a very short skirt, stiletto heels. Her hair is up. Her make-up is severe. In the darkness, in the shadows she looks about 19. A hot 19. A hot flash-trash 19.

She is there with two men -- one of them is a big, body-built black guy. She has a vial of something near her face.

She sees Nick watching her. She whispers something to the tall black guy. He looks at Nick, smiles a condescending smile. The door to the stall closes.

79 INT. THE CLUB 79

He is walking along the side, watching the floor, a drink in his hand.

He sees her. Her black leather jacket is off.

She wears a very tight, flimsy top, the short skirt, the heels. She is dancing with Roxy and the black guy. He watches her move... watches her body.

She turns, sees him, dances, watches him... gets between Roxy and the black guy... they sandwich her with their bodies... keeps moving, turning... eyes on him... playing to him with her body. He watches.

A long beat, and he goes up to them. His movements are almost trance-like. They look at each other. A long beat. Catherine stops dancing. He reaches for her. She moves away. A beat: their eyes are on each other. He moves a step towards her. A beat, as they look at each other... and they start to move together.

Their eyes are on each other as they move, the eyes burning... the movements tighter, hotter... and he suddenly grabs her and kisses her... as they keep moving...

She is melting into him now, kissing him... Roxy watches, expressionless... the black guy is gone... He holds her by the back of the neck, kissing her... their bodies pressed into each other... his hands are on her butt now, pulling her into him now, almost holding her up now... and then under her skirt, on her bare ass... as he kisses her neck.

People around them stare... he moves his hands under her top as she keeps moving with the song, her head back, her back almost arching... cups her breasts now... she keeps moving...

They devour each other. Right there on the floor. Barely able to hold it back. As Roxy watches expressionless. As PEOPLE dance and stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 INT. TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT 80

It is dark. We can't see clearly. A side table, lines of cocaine on a small mirror. A CD player spins a disk.

There are mirrors all over the walls and ceiling. They are in bed. The bed is big and brass.

Atop her... he kisses her neck... his hands under her, raising her... he moves down, kisses her breasts... puts his mouth around a breast...

she arches, moves... he kisses her shoulder... biting into it... she opens her mouth... we hear no cry...

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER 81

Atop him... she kisses his chest, licks it, lowers her head... lower...he arches his back... her mouth comes up... her mouth on his lips again... he turns her.

Atop her... he moves her legs apart... (the CAMERA is behind them)... she holds his back... digs in her nails... rakes his back with them...digs in again... his back bleeds... he moves inside her... harder... the nails dig... blood trickles down his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER 82

He is behind her... she is on her stomach... he raises her by her hips... kisses her back... races her spine with his tongue... traces her lower back... he kneels... moves into her... kisses her neck... his fingers are in her mouth... as he moves.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 INT. HER BEDROOM -LATER 8:

The STONES play "Sympathy for the Devil."

Atop him... she leans close over his face, her tongue in his mouth... kneeling over him... she moves his arms above his head... moves higher atop him... her breasts in his face... she reaches behind his head... pulls a white silk scarf from a pillow case...

He sees it, stops moving... her eyes challenge his... he starts moving again...

She moves higher above him... kneeling over his face... moving oh-so-slightly... his face strains towards her.

The scarf in both hands now... she starts to tie his hands with it... He moves one hand onto her breast... She leans away, looks at him... He holds out his other hand to be tied ... she binds them loosely, gently... it isn't tight... but his hands are tied to the brass bed.

She kisses him... moving her hips lower now... over his chest... lower....

And he is inside her... his arms above him... his eyes open... she kisses his neck... bites but not hard... moves... grinding hard against him now... she is on her knees... head arches back... her breasts high...

still grinding.

Her back arches, strains... he strains towards her... she holds her arms high... she comes out of the arch... shivering... falling over him... the scarf loosens... his arms come forward and hold her close... closer... closer... as she moves with slight... shivery... movements.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT 84

It is dark, quiet. Pin drop quiet. He is sitting on the side of the bed, his head down... his back a line tracing of dried blood. She is asleep next to him, naked.

He looks around the room. The white scarf around the bedpost..the coke on the side-table... clothes all over the floor.

He gets up, naked. Walks into the bathroom.

85 INT. HER BATHROOM 85

The light is too bright. He looks at himself in the mirror. He runs the water, lower his head, puts cold water on his face. A long beat, he comes back up, opens his eyes. Roxy is in the mirror behind him. She startles him.

He looks at her in the mirror a long beat, doesn't turn. She is expressionless; she wears the same thing she wore at the club.

He lowers down into the basin again, puts more water on his face, comes back up, uses a towel this time, finishes with the towel. She is still looking at him in the mirror the same way. He looks at her in the mirror, doesn't turn.

ROXY
(quietly)
If you don't leave her alone, I'll kill you.

He looks at her a beat, then turns --

NICK
Tell me something, Rocki. Man-to-man.
(he smiles)
I think she's the fuck of the century, don't you?

For a second, she looks like she's going to spring at him, then controls it and turns to go.

NICK
How long you been here, Rock? You like to watch, do you?

ROXY
(after a beat, looks at him)
She likes me to watch.

And she turns and is gone.

He turns off the light and goes back into the bedroom.

86 INT. HER BEDROOM 86

He slips into bed next to Catherine, who sleepily rubs against him.

CATHERINE
(murmurs)
Nicky.

He holds her, kisses her neck. It starts up again.

Something catches his eye. In the dark bathroom, Roxy retreats deeper into the shadows.

87 INT. HER BEDROOM - MORNING 87

He wakes up. Catherine is not there. He looks around. The white scarf is gone. The coke on the side table is gone. In its place, a scrawled note: "The Beach -- C."

88 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 88

A cold and foggy day. He gets out of his Porsche, walks around the house.

89 EXT. OCEANSIDE TERRACE - DAY 89

He sees her at the edge of the rocky bluffs. She stands near a bonfire in a firepit.

He hears a NOISE. Turns to the house. Sees Roxy going inside, sliding the glass door shut.

He walks up to Catherine. She has an Indian blanket over her and is wearing a black felt English derby hat, her hair loose underneath. She doesn't turn to him.

NICK
(cautious)
'Morning.

She walks away from him down a rocky path that leads to the beach. After a beat, he starts after her.

90 EXT. PATH DOWN ROCKY BLUFFS - DAY 90

They walk down along the edge. She keeps a few steps in front of him.

NICK
I guess Roxy's not taking this too well.

CATHERINE
She's seen me fuck plenty of guys.

A long beat.

NICK
Maybe she saw something she didn't see before.

CATHERINE
She's seen <u>everything</u> before.

NICK
I thought <u>I'd</u> seen everything.

She looks at him, smiles slowly. He catches up.

CATHERINE
Did you think it was so special?

NICK
I told her it was the fuck of the century.

She says nothing, keeps walking.

NICK
What did <u>you</u> think?

CATHERINE
I thought it was a pretty good beginning.

They look at each other. She moves ahead again.

91 EXT. PATH TO BEACH - DAY 91

NICK
How about Roxy? Is she more fun?

CATHERINE
(looks over her shoulder)
Do you want her to join us sometime?

NICK
Did she join you and Johnny?

CATHERINE
Johnny felt intimidated.

NICK
And look what happened to him.

They reach the sand and walk over to a surfside CABANA.

CATHERINE
Tell me, Nicky. Were you frightened last night?

Glances at him.

NICK
(after a beat)
That was the point, wasn't it? That's what made it so good.

She stops. They look at each other.

CATHERINE
You shouldn't play this game.

NICK
Why not? I like it.

CATHERINE
You're in over your head.

NICK
Maybe. -- But this is how I'll catch my killer.

She smiles and starts walking.

CATHERINE
I don't confess all my secrets, Nick, just because I have an orgasm. -- You won't learn anything I don't want you to know.

NICK
Yes I will.
(he stops)
And then I'll nail you.

They look at each other.

CATHERINE
You'll just fall in love with me.

NICK
I'm already in love with you.
(a beat)
But I'll nail you anyway.

He steps back from her with a smile.

NICK
You can put that in your book.

He turns and walks off. She stands there and watches him leave.

92 INT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT 92

Nick walks in. Waylon Jennings is on the JUKEBOX. Gus is sitting at the bar wearing jeans, a cowboy shirt, and a cowboy hat.

Nick takes Gus' hat and puts it on his own head.

NICK
I thought I'd find you here.

Gus twists around.

GUS
(loud)
Where in the fuck you been? I went over to your place.

He is drunk, slurring. Nick sees it.

NICK
Easy there, partner -- I wasn't there.

GUS
I went over last night, too.

NICK
I wasn't there last night, either.

Gus takes a long, drunken look at him.

GUS
You... fucked her! Goddamn dumb sonofabitch... You fucked her!

Gus gets up from his stool and staggers away.

GUS
Goddamn, you are one dumb sonofabitch --

NICK
Don't worry about it, pop. Next time I'll use a rubber.

BARTENDER
Hey, Gus! You forgetting something?

GUS
(loud)
I don't give a... flyin'... chili-bean... fart about rubbers!

NICK
(to Bartender)
How much?

BARTENDER
Seventeen.

Nick slaps a twenty on the bar and catches up with Gus as he shuffles outside.

93 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT 93

Nick follows Gus into the street.

NICK
You gotta protect yourself, pop.
You really do.

GUS
What in the hell for? You think
I'm gettin' any at my age?

TWO OVERAGE COWGIRLS eye Gus as they head toward the country/western bar.

GUS
I mean, sure, I can get laid...
By goddamn blue-haired women.

Gus takes back his hat from Nick.

GUS
I don't like 'em.

94 INT. A DINER - NIGHT 94

Gus is eating chili, drinking coffee. Nick keeps pouring him more coffee.

NICK
(grins)
You feeling better?

GUS
(loud)
I feel fine!

Nick pours him more coffee; Gus guzzles it.

GUS
(loud)
How could you fuck her?

It gets some looks from the other people in here -- Nick shushes him, pours him more coffee. He drinks it.

GUS
(quietly)
You wanna die, son? What is it -- those goddamn tourists -- you still feel so bad about that you're wigglin' your way into an icepi --

Nick starts to slip away into his thoughts.

GUS
(suddenly louder)
We got too many goddamn tourists comin' here anyway -- plenty more goddamn tourists where they goddamn came from.

Some PEOPLE here really give him the looks now. Gus looks angrily away from them, drinks more coffee.

NICK
(after a beat; quietly)
I'm not afraid of her.

GUS
(loud)
Why the hell not?

NICK
I don't know. I'm just not.

GUS
(loud)
That's her pussy talkin' --

He gets a real nasty look from a very fat woman eating a cheeseburger. He winks at her. The woman looks away from him, shaking her head.

GUS
(smiles; to Nick)
It ain't your brain.

They look at each other a long beat. Gus drinks more coffee. He sits back, pulls his cowboy hat over his eyes. A long beat.

GUS
(quietly)
I.A. done did a track on Lt. Martin D for Dickhead Nilsen. They found a safety deposit box with fifty-thousand dollars in it, taken out three months ago, and not used since.

He looks at the fat woman again -- leers at her obscenely. She looks away.

NICK
(after a long beat)
It doesn't make sense. She didn't know me three months ago.

GUS
Maybe it wasn't her that paid him. Maybe the money was for somethin' else. How the fuck do I know? I'm just an old city cowboy tryin' not to fall outta his saddle.

Nick looks at him and smiles a thin smile; he's not there, he's completely preoccupied.

95 INT. A CAR - NIGHT 95

Someone is watching as he and Gus come out of the diner.

96 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT 96

He stands by Gus as Gus gets into his battered, rusted, vintage Cadillac.

NICK
You all right, pop? You want me to drive you?

GUS
In that little pissant car of yours? Hell, no. I ain't gettin' no back pain disability retirement -- I'm gettin' me a full pension and real gold-plate Seiko watch.

NICK
Come on, I'll drive you in this thing.

GUS
You think I'd let you drive my Cadillac car? I ain't' lettin' no hear-up-his-ass person drive my Cadillac car.

And he steps on the gas and ROARS out of there, forcing Nick to get out of the way. Nick looks after him a long beat, shakes his head.

97 INT. A CAR - NIGHT 97

Someone is following Nick slowly as he walks down the street. He turns a corner, walks down the alley towards his Porsche, which is parked behind the country and western bar.

The car's lights go on. It suddenly speeds up -- ROARS down on him from the back, full bore.

98 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR 98

He hurls himself across the Porsche's hood -- barely avoiding the car -- and lands painfully on the ground, hurting his head and shoulder.

The car slams on its brakes: it is a black Ferrari. It burns rubber straight at him in reverse. He jumps up and grabs a fire escape, pulling himself off the ground at the last moment.

The Ferrari's bumper clips the wall, then tires spin and it speeds away.

Holding his shoulder, Nick runs for his Porsche and jumps in.

99 INT. HIS PORSCHE 99

He GUNS it down the alley. The Ferrari makes a turn. He makes a wild turn in pursuit.

100 EXT. THE STREET 100

The Porsche dodges around cars very fast, almost side-swiping them, looking almost out of control, its MOTOR screaming.

101 INT. THE PORSCHE 101

He sees the Ferrari turn ahead. When he gets to where it turned, he turns wildly.

102 EXT. THE STREET 102

The Ferrari is making fast, wild turns into little streets in North Beach, its MOTOR screaming -- the Porsche keeps pace behind it, making turns.

103 INT. THE PORSCHE 103

The Ferrari is up ahead and makes a wild right turn onto a road going up a hillside. He yanks the wheel hard.

104 EXT. THE STEPS 104

The Porsche rockets up the steps -- bouncing high into the air, almost out of control.

105 INT. THE PORSCHE 105

As it crests the steps and gets to the street. Nick GUNS it and it looks like it flies high down the hillside into blackness.

106 EXT. THE STREET 106

But it lands on more steps -- heading downward -- bucking, almost spinning, it bounces onto the next street.

107 INT. THE PORSCHE 107

Another set of steps leading up: he GUNS it, it rockets up, ROARS, bucking --

108 EXT. THE STREET 108

And lands on the next street. Nick makes a wild right turn onto the street. And the black Ferrari appears from around a curve to the right, heading right for him.

109 INT. THE PORSCHE 109

Nick steps on the GAS and heads head-on for the Ferrari. The Ferrari SCREAMS head-on for him.

110 EXT. THE STREET 110

And at the last moment, in the game of chicken, the Ferrari tries to swerve around him on this narrow road, goes out of control and over the side, turning over and over as it rolls down the hillside.

111 EXT. THE HILLSIDE 111

The Ferrari has landed right-side up.

He runs down the hillside and gets to it. A beat, and he opens the car door.

Roxy lies hunched over the wheel, her eyes open. Her neck is broken. She is dead.

112 EXT. THE HILLSIDE - NIGHT 112

Police lights glare down from the street. A winch pulls the Ferrari up the slope. Roxy's body is being extracted through a window and tied to a gurney.

Nick stands with a COP and several Internal Affairs men. He signs a statement. The Cop walks over and shows it to Lt. Walker. After a beat, Walker rushes over to Nick.

LT. WALKER
This is your statement? You signed your name to this crock of shit?

NICK
Why not? It was an accident.

LT. WALKER
(refers to statement)
You're driving around North Beach for no particular reason and this car won't get out of the way --

NICK
I don't think she meant to go off the hill, do you?

I.A. GUY
(to Lt. Walker)
Can we have him for a minute?

Lt. Walker signals I.A. Guy to wait.

LT. WALKER
(quietly)
Don't fuck with me, Nick. I don't need a reason to put your ass in a sling.

He and Nick look at each other a long beat. Andrews comes up to them with a piece of paper in his hand.

ANDREWS
Full name, Roxanne Hardy. Last address -- Cloverdale, California. No priors, no convictions. The car is registered to Catherine Tramell.

Lt. Walker looks at Nick like he's going to kill him. Nick looks calmly away.

LT. WALKER
You knew her, didn't you?

The Ferrari is reeled up to the top of the hill.

NICK
Gus and I talked to her at Tramell's house. All we did was write her name down.

LT. WALKER
You wrote her name down and then, big surprise! -- she rolls her car down a hill right in front of you and dies. That's what you're telling me?

NICK
That's all I know.

Lt. Walker stares at him.

LT. WALKER
Then fuck you. -- Fuck you.

Lt. Walker walks off.

I.A. GUY
(to Nick)
I want you in Dr. Garner's office at nine o'clock.

Lt. Walker turns and shouts.

LT. WALKER
I told you to stay away from Tramell.

NICK
(shouts back)
Yeah. But you didn't tell me to stay away from her car.

Walker shakes his head in disbelief and walks on.

I.A. GUY
You're out of control, Curran.

NICK
Who are you guys gonna sell my file to this time?

As Nick climbs toward the lights, Roxy's body is hoisted uphill by a cable overhead.

113 INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 11

He walks in. He looks good, in control. Beth Garner is sitting there with two middle-aged MEN, both of them wearing suits, who smile and scrutinize him the instant he walks in the door.

BETH
Hello, Nick. This is Dr. Myron and Dr. McElwaine. They've been asked to consult with me on this evaluation.

They shake hands with him.

DR. MYRON
Sit down, Nick.

Nick gives him a look: What did he think he was going to do -- stand there?

He sits down, looks at them. A beat, as they look at him, then --

DR. MCELWAINE
Nick, we understand you've been having some difficulty controlling your temper lately.

NICK
Only in regard to one person.

DR. MYRON
Do you think Lt. Nilsen deserved to die?

NICK
I didn't know him well enough. -- I won't miss him.

DR. MCELWAINE
(smiles, courtly)
Nick -- when you recollect your childhood, are your recollections pleasing to you?

Nick looks at them a long beat in disbelief.

NICK
(calmly, directly)
Number one: I don't remember how often I used to jack off, but it was a lot. Number two: I didn't get pissed off at my dad -- even after I was old enough to know what he and mom were doing in the bedroom. Number three: I don't look in the toilet before I flush it. Number four: I don't wet the bed and haven't for some time. Number five: You can go fuck yourselves because I'm out of here.

And he stalks out of the room. Beth hesitates, then follows.

114 INT. CORRIDOR 114

He is walking away quickly. Beth catches up with him and hustles to keep pace. She is very angry.

BETH
What is your problem? I'm trying to help you. Why won't you let me help you?

NICK
I don't want your help. I don't need any help.

BETH
Yes you do. Something's going on with you.
(a beat)
You're sleeping with her, aren't you?

A beat, he stops, looks at her, then keeps walking.

NICK
What is this interest you've got in her?

BETH
My interest is in you, not her. She seduces people. She manipulates them. She'll do anything...

NICK
I thought you hardly knew her.

BETH
(a beat)
I know the type. I'm a psychologist.

He stops, looks at her.

NICK
(after a beat)
That means you manipulate people too, doesn't it, Beth? You're a practicing psychologist -- that means you're better at it than she is.

She looks at him a long beat.

BETH
(quietly)
I feel sorry for you, Nick.

A beat, and she turns and walks away.

115 EXT. ABOVE STINSON BEACH (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 11'

Following Nick's Porsche along the winding highway. His car appears and disappears behind the banks of fog.

116 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 11·

He stands in the fog, KNOCKS on the door. It's cold outside. The White Ferrari is parked in the driveway. There is no answer.

NICK
Catherine?

A beat; he tries the door. It opens.

117 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY 117

The place is dark; the curtains and shutters are drawn.

NICK
Catherine?

Nothing; and then he hears a CREAK of some kind upstairs. He starts slowly going up the stairs. When he gets to the top, he hears the CREAK again.

He goes down the hallway slowly, hears it again, opens a bedroom door. She is sitting there in a rocking chair, staring right at him. She looks a mess. She looks like she hasn't slept. She looks like she's been crying.

They look at each other a long beat; then she looks away out the window at the sea.

He steps into the bedroom.

118 INT. THE BEDROOM 118

A long beat; she says nothing, staring out at the sea and the fog. Then --

CATHERINE
(haltingly)
I came into the house... you and I were down on the beach... she looked at me... so strangely... she left right after you... I shouldn't have let her... watch us... She wanted to watch me... all the time.

A long beat, and then she looks at Nick. He seems unmoved.

CATHERINE
She tried to kill you, didn't she?

NICK
(after a long beat)
Did you like her watching you?

CATHERINE
(after a long beat)
Do you think I told her to kill you?

A long beat, as they look at each other. Then he shakes his head.

She looks away at the sea and the fog again.

CATHERINE
Everybody I care about... dies.

He looks at her a long beat and then he goes behind the chair and holds her close. She shivers. He holds her tighter.

CATHERINE
(not looking at him)
Make love to me.

His hands spread her shirt and gently caress her breasts. She rolls her cheek against his shoulder.

119 INT. HER BEDROOM / BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 119

The bedroom is dark. A candle flickers near a window. It is raining outside. They are in bed. His arm is around her. Nothing is said. A long beat.

NICK
Do you think she killed Johnny?

CATHERINE
Why, to set me up? -- She loved me. She wouldn't frame me.

NICK
Maybe she got jealous with Johnny, too.

CATHERINE
She didn't. She never got jealous...before. She got excited.

A long beat, then -- quietly --

CATHERINE
I don't have luck with women.
(a beat)
There was a girl... when I was in college... I slept with her once... She went around... taking pictures of me... She dyed her hair... She copied my clothes... Lisa something... Anderson... It was awful.

A long beat, he looks at her.

NICK
I thought you didn't make confessions.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
I never have before.

120 EXT. PATH TO BEACH - MORNING 120

CLOSE ON LITTLE NOTEBOOK. A hand writes the name: Lisa Anderson.

WIDER. Nick puts the notebook in his pocket and walks down the rocky steps. It is a bright, sunshiny day.

121 EXT. BEACH - MORNING 121

From the cabana, we see Nick arrive at the sand and walk toward the surf. Suddenly, the camera rushes toward his back.

A figure in red grabs him from behind. He stumbles as he tries to break free. They fall to the sand. Nick pins his opponent.

It's Catherine -- laughing.

He doesn't think it's very funny. The cold surf washes over her.

NICK
Still playing games?

CATHERINE
No more games. Games are over.

A beat.

NICK
Then tell me about Nilsen.

He's holding her down. A wave covers her face. She sputters.

CATHERINE
You won't believe me.

NICK
Try me.

CATHERINE
I paid him fifty thousand in cash for your psychiatric file.

A wave. She holds her breath.

NICK
When?

CATHERINE
About three months before I met you.

NICK
Why?

CATHERINE
I'd read about your shooting in the papers. I decided to write a book about a detective.

Another wave.

CATHERINE
I wanted to know my character. Now let me up, goddamit.

He releases her. They sit up.

NICK
You paid fifty thousand dollars for your character?

CATHERINE
I would've paid more. I wanted to know everything about you. Then you came down here after Johnny got killed... It gave me a chance to get to know my character better.

NICK
(after a long beat)
What about the other night? What about last night? Was that to get to know your character?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
Maybe I'm losing interest in my book.

Their eyes are on each other.

CATHERINE
Do you believe me?

NICK
(after a beat)
I don't know.

CATHERINE
I'll convince you

And she kisses him slowly, with more and more heat, on the lips.

The cordless phone in the cabana goes off. It keeps RINGING. She breaks finally from the kiss, picks it up.

CATHERINE
Hello?

She listens a beat, then hands him the phone.

CATHERINE
It's Gus-who-doesn't-like-me.

He takes the phone. She resumes distracting him with kisses.

NICK
Catherine says you don't like her.

122 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY 122

GUS
(on the phone)
She's right. You got an ice pick in you yet?

123 EXT. CABANA - DAY 123

Catherine sees him smile.

CATHERINE
What did he say?

NICK
He asked if I had an ice pick in me yet.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Funny.

124 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU 124

GUS
(on the phone)
You know that stuff they say about how you can judge people by their friends?

125 EXT. CABANA 125

NICK
I don't believe it.

126 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAUY 126

GUS
Why not?

127 EXT. CABANA 127

NICK
(smiles)
You're my friend, Gus.

She watches him.

128 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU 128

GUS
(seriously)
I'm gonna make you believe in it, friend.

129 INT. CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT / OFFICES - DAY 129

In CLOSEUP: We see a large, glossy photograph of a little boy in a pool of blood.

Nick is looking at the photo -- it is in a file in his hands. He sits there with Gus in front of a woman JUVENILE OFFICER.

He turns the file and we see a glossy of Roxy. She looks about thirteen. She has braces in her teeth.

NICK
(after a beat)
How old was she when this happened?

JUVENILE OFFICER
Fourteen. We seal juvenile records until they're deceased. That's why you didn't find it in your computer.

GUS
What was the motive?

JUVENILE OFFICER
She said she didn't know herself, just sort of did it on impulse.
(she shrugs)
The razor just happened to be there.

They stare at her.

JUVENILE OFFICER
That's what she said.

130 INT. CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT / LOBBY - DAY 130

The Juvenile Officer holds the door for Nick and Gus, and they enter the reception area of the small, old rural building. There's a lot of Four-H type stuff on the walls.

JUVENILE OFFICER
If you want, help yourself to some coffee.

GUS
Thanks.

She nods and retreats. They go for the coffee.

NICK
I don't understand what the hell's going on here, pop.

GUS
Ain't that hard, son. This young farmgirl, she got tired of all that attention goin' to her little brothers -- so she fixed 'em. Just like 'ole Hazel Dobkins fixed her whole family -- except young Roxy here, she didn't use a wedding present. She used daddy's razor.

They taste the coffee. Nick grimaces and throws his in the trash. They go.

131 EXT. CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY 131

They are walking to their cars, which are parked almost next to each other. The Porsche looks pretty badly banged up.

GUS
It sure makes you wonder what they talked about when they set themselves down in front of the campfire at night?
(opens car door)
You ever met a friend o' hers hasn't killed somebody?

Gus sits down in his driver's seat.

GUS
It musta beat your ordinary everyday girl talk.

He starts the motor. Nick stands by his car.

NICK
I'm not sure anymore she did it.

He gets into his car. Gus drives over.

GUS
Which one you talkin' about now, son? We know ole Hazel did it; we know young Roxy did it -- and the other one: Well, hell, she's got that magna come lawdy pussy on her that done fried up your brain.

Gus drives off. Nick sits there a beat, then follows.

132 EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR SAN RAFAEL (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 132

Gus's car and Nick's car approach a fork in the highway. Gus takes the bridge to San Francisco. Nick veers off towards Berkeley.

133 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - U.C. BERKELEY - DAY 133

A YOUNG WOMAN is checking a computer. Nick holds his little notebook open to the Lisa Anderson page.

YOUNG WOMAN
Anderson. Donald M. Mark W. Sorry; no Lisa. -- You're sure about the year?

NICK
Catherine Tramell graduated in '83. She said Lisa Anderson was here when she was.

The Young Woman types on her keyboard. Catherine's name appears on her screen, highlighted in an alphabetical list.

THE WOMAN
We have Tramell...

She returns to the Andersons on the roster.

YOUNG WOMAN
But no Lisa Anderson.

NICK
(after a beat)
Can there be some mistake?

YOUNG WOMAN
(straining patience)
Only if you're making it.

He looks at her.

134 INT. CATHERINE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY 134

Nick drives up in his Porsche and parks in front of the house. Catherine comes out of the house with Hazel Dobkins, the old woman we saw her with in Mill Valley. He gets out of the car. They wait for him as he walks up.

CATHERINE
Hazel, this is Nick. I told you all about him. This is Hazel Dobkins.

HAZEL
(smiles)
You're the Shooter, aren't you? How are you?

NICK
(after a beat)
Fine. Thank you.

He looks at her sort of warily.

NICK
(to Catherine)
Can I talk to you a minute?

CATHERINE
(to Hazel)
Honey, why don't you go in the car? I'll be right there.

The old woman starts going to the Ferrari.

HAZEL
(brightly)
Goodbye, Shooter.

Nick looks at Hazel a beat, then at Catherine.

NICK
You like to hang out with murderers or what? Did you know Roxy --

CATHERINE
Of course I knew.

He looks at her a long beat.

CATHERINE
Look. I write about unusual people. And sometimes when I do my research, I get involved with them. -- It happened with you.

She smiles. He looks at her, doesn't know what to say.

CATHERINE
Killing isn't like smoking. You can quit.

He looks at her: <u>What</u> did she say? She kisses him.

CATHERINE
(preoccupied)
I've got to go. I promised to get her home by six o'clock. She just loves 'America's Most Wanted.'

<u>America's Most Wanted</u>? She turns to go.

NICK
There was no Lisa Anderson at Berkeley when you were there.

She stops, looks at him a beat.

CATHERINE
What were you doing, checking up on me? What for?

He says nothing. She gets in the Ferrari and slams the door. Starts it up. He walks back to the Porsche.

The Ferrari pulls up next to him with the window down.

CATHERINE
Henderson.

VROOM! She's gone.

135 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK 13

He is on the phone. Street lamps glow faintly in the twilight.

NICK
Henderson. Lisa Henderson. With an H.

He waits.

NICK
You do?

136 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT 13

He sits in front of a computer screen with Andrews.

ANDREWS
I can get my butt kicked for this. You're not supposed to be in here.

NICK
It's not gonna take long, Sam.

We see the computer screen. The screen says:

LISA HENDERSON DMV LICENSE CHECK

We wait and then we see the words:

1987 RENEWAL -- ELISABETH GARNER
147 QUEENSTON DRIVE, SALINAS, CAL.

Nick stares at the screen.

NICK
Bring it up, will you, Sam?

A beat, and then we see the license itself: It is Beth Garner on the photo. Nick stares.

ANDREWS
Hey, that's Dr. Garner, isn't it?

NICK
Bring 1980 up.

A beat, and the license comes up. We see a young Beth Garner on the photo. She has blonde hair.

Nick stares.

137 INT. BETH GARNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 13

She walks in. The apartment is dark..

NICK (O.S.)
You shouldn't leave your door open.

She is startled.

BETH
(after a beat)
I didn't. Something's wrong with my lock.

She turns on the light.

BETH
(cold)
What do you want, Nick?

NICK
(quietly)
Tell me about Catherine.

She looks at him a long beat, then turns away --

BETH
She told you, didn't she?

NICK
(after a beat)
What did she tell me, Beth?

BETH
(after a long beat)
I slept with her once in school.
(a beat)
I was just a kid. I was experimenting. It was just that one time.
(a beat)
She developed a... fixation... on me. She styled her hair like mine. She wore the same kind of clothes I did. It scared me.

She looks at him, sees his look.

BETH
Isn't that what she told you?

He looks at her a long beat.

NICK
She told me it was you. You wore the same kind of clothes. You dyed your hair blonde.

A long beat as they look at each other.

BETH
I did dye my hair. It didn't have anything to do with her. I was a redhead for a while, too.

NICK
(after a beat)
Did you know Noah Goldstein?

BETH
I had him for two classes.

NICK
You saw all the reports, Beth! Phil had you copied. You never said anything!

BETH
(after a beat)
What do I say -- Hey, listen, guys, I'm not gay, but I did fuck your suspect.
(turns away)
I was too embarrassed. It's the only time I've ever been with a woman.

She turns to him.

BETH
She's really sick, you know. Don't you see what's doing? She knows I went to Berkeley. She knows I knew Noah. She makes up that story about me. She's handing you somebody who's obsessed with her.

NICK
She didn't hand you to me. She doesn't even know who you are. She told me about Lisa Henderson.

BETH
She knew you'd find out who Lisa Henderson is. You're a good cop. -- What did she do? Tell you casually and make it seem irrelevant?
(she smiles)
Did she tell you in bed, Nick? That's how I'd do it.

Nick looks at her a long beat.

NICK
Why did you change your name?

BETH
I got married. He called me Beth.
(a beat)
He was on staff at the clinic down in Salinas. It didn't... last long.

He gets up. He looks at her a long beat.

BETH
Nick -- Do you really think I... that I could kill someone...? I never even met Johnny Boz.

He turns to go.

BETH
What about Nilsen? What possible motive would I have to kill Nilsen?

He opens the door, fingers the broken dead bolt.

NICK
You should do something about this lock.

He leaves.

BETH
She's evil. She's brilliant. Be careful, Nick.

138 EXT. HIS APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT 13

He gets out of his Porsche. He walks toward the door.

139 INT. HIS APARTMENT HOUSE / LOBBY AND STAIRS - NIGHT 13

He walks into the lobby and turns to shut the door. There is a hand on his neck. He spins.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Did I scare you?

He looks at her, then continues toward the stairs. She seems more natural, more relaxed.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I just thought I'd surprise you.
(a beat)
What's the matter?

He heads up the stairs.

NICK
(after a beat)
I found Lisa Henderson.

CATHERINE
You did? What's she doing?

He looks at her, doesn't say anything.

CATHERINE
You're not going to tell me what she's doing.
(a beat)
I thought we weren't playing games anymore.

He stops and turns.

NICK
I did too.
(a beat)
She told me it was backwards -- she said you even styled your hair the way she did.

Catherine looks at him a beat, then smiles.

CATHERINE
And you believed her? I had to go down to the campus police and make out a report about her.

He just looks at her.

CATHERINE
You still think I kill people, don't you?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

CATHERINE
Liar.

And she turns and rushes down the stairs. He is left standing there.

140 INT. CAMPUS POLICE RECORDS ROOMS - BERKELEY - DAY 140

He walks with an old CAMPUS COP through aisles of folders stacked up from floor to ceiling.

CAMPUS COP
Who'd you say you were with?

NICK
Homicide. San Francisco.

The Cop pulls a folder from the stacks.

CAMPUS COP
Here we go.
(opens file)
Sort of.

He looks up at Nick.

CAMPUS COP
There was a report about Lisa Henderson -- January, 1980. But it's out.

NICK
Who's got it?

CAMPUS COP
(reads)
One of your guys. Nilsen.

Nick grabs the folder from the Cop and looks at the half-page loan-out form inside.

CAMPUS COP
You know him?

CLOSE ON FORM: "On loan to: SFPD Det. Nilsen. Internal Affairs 11/19/90"

CAMPUS COP
Tell him we want it back. He's had it a whole year.

Nick says nothing.

141 EXT. PIER - DAY 141

Gus and Nick walk down a long deserted pier. FOG shrouds the harbor. FOGHORNS bellow in the distance.

GUS
So Nilsen had a report on her -- so what. You don't know what the hell was in it.

NICK
Catherine told me what was in it.

GUS
If she's telling you the truth.

NICK
Don't you get it, Gus? If Beth killed Johnny Boz to frame Catherine -- she wouldn't want anyone to know what happened at Berkeley. But Nilsen found out about it. And that gives her the motive to kill him.

GUS
How did she know Nilsen found out -- if it happened?

NICK
He was I.A. He probably asked her about it.

Gus thinks it over.

GUS
She'd have to be nuttier than a twenty-pound Christmas fruitcake. She's not the one who hangs out with multiple murderers -- your girlfriend is.

NICK
She's a writer -- it's part of what she does.

GUS
(frustrated)
There's gotta be somebody at Berkeley who knows what the hell happened.

NICK
I know what happened. Catherine told me. And everything she's said has checked out.

GUS
(after a beat,
quietly)
You got goddamn tweety-birds
flutterin' around your head,
that's what you got. You think
you're gonna fuck like minks,
raise rugrats, and live happily
ever after? Oh, man.

142 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT HOUSE / STAIRWAY - DAY 142

He has his key out to open his door. He hears MUSIC inside. A beat, and he opens the door.

143 INT. HIS APARTMENT 143

A very large exotic potted plant blocks the doorway. He squeezes around it and sees Catherine standing by a window, watching him. She wears black jeans and the black motorcycle jacket. It's still FOGGY outside.

CATHERINE
I couldn't stay mad at you.
(a beat)
I missed you.

NICK
I wasn't gone long enough for you
to miss me.

CATHERINE
Did you miss me?

NICK
No.

CATHERINE
Come over here and tell me no.

He walks up close to her.

NICK
No.

She unzips her motorcycle jacket slowly. She wears nothing underneath it.

NICK
I've seen 'em before.

CATHERINE
But you might not see them again. --
My book's almost finished, and
the detective's nearly dead.

NICK
Does he have time for a last cigarette?

She pulls him close.

CATHERINE
Afterwards.

144 INT. HIS LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT 144

The live end of a cigarette GLOWS.

They sit in the window seat, naked. Outside, it's FOGGY. His back is against the wall. She sits against him. He has his legs around her. They don't look at each other. They share a cigarette.

NICK
I have to do some research tomorrow.

CATHERINE
I'm very good at research. I'll help you.

NICK
No thanks.

CATHERINE
What are you researching?

NICK
A new ending for your book.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Really. What's the twist?

NICK
The detective doesn't die. Him and the wrong girl...

CATHERINE
What happens to them?

NICK
They fuck like minks, raise rugrats, and live happily ever after.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
It won't sell.

NICK
Why not?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
Somebody has to die.

NICK
Why?

CATHERINE
Somebody always does.

145 EXT. ABOVE SALINAS (HELICOPTER SHOT) - DAY 145

Soaring over the green countryside, following Nick's car through a valley as it approaches a small hospital.

146 INT. SALINAS AREA CLINIC - DAY 146

He walks in, goes up to the desk of a small local hospital. There are TWO NURSES there. One prepares medication. The other watches a soap opera on tv.

NICK
Hi, I'm looking for a Dr. Garner?

NURSE #1
(after a beat)
We don't have a Dr. Garner on staff here.

NURSE #2
Dr. Joseph Garner?

NICK
(after a beat)
Yeah.

NURSE #2
He died -- about five or six years ago.

NICK
(after a beat)
How did he die?

NURSE #2
(after a beat)
He was shot.

147 EXT. SMALL TOWN SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 147

Nick stands outside as the local SHERIFF, in uniform, hoses down his Chevy Blazer with the official seal on the door.

SHERIFF
He was walking home from work. They only lived a coupl'a blocks from the clinic. Somebody drove by and shot him.

NICK
What was the weapon?

SHERIFF
.38 revolver. Never recovered. Watch yourself.

Nick backs away from the stream of water.

NICK
Were there ever any suspects?

SHERIFF
No suspects, no motive. Unsolved.

NICK
(after a beat)
Was his wife ever a suspect?

The Sheriff stops spraying.

SHERIFF
I had another one of you guys down here from Frisco -- about a year go -- he asked me the same question. What's this about anyway?

NICK
Routine.

SHERIFF
Yeah, he said it was routine too. Now it's two guys saying it's routine.

NICK
Do you remember his name?

SHERIFF
(after a beat)
Nope, can't say that I do.

NICK
Nilsen?

SHERIFF
That's him.

The Sheriff starts spraying again.

NICK
Was she ever a suspect?

SHERIFF
Nope.
(a beat)
There was some talk; it never panned.

NICK
What kind of talk?

SHERIFF
A girlfriend.

NICK
He had a girlfriend?

SHERIFF
Nope. She did.

The Sheriff stops spraying and walks to the faucet.

SHERIFF
But like I say. It never panned.

Nick thinks as the Sheriff turns off the faucet and starts to put away the hose.

NICK
Thanks.

SHERIFF
I hope I helped you out.

NICK
(after a beat)
You did.

148 EXT. OCEANSIDE TERRACE / BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON 148

He walks around the house to the terrace and sees a portable word-processor on a table. On the screen, it reads: THE END. He hears a laser printer at work. He turns and sees it inside her study. He walks inside.

149 INT. HER STUDY 149

The printer is churning out a big stack of pages. On her desk is the first half of a manuscript. He reads the title page: SHOOTER by Catherine Woolf. The laser printer shuts off.

He picks up the last few pages from the printer and starts to read. We only glimpse a few key phrases when Catherine comes in and discovers him.

NICK
Hi. I missed you. I finished my research.

He sets down the pages and moves toward her. She moves away, kills her cigarette.

CATHERINE
I finished my book.

NICK
How does it end?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
I told you. She kills him.

They look at each other a long beat.

CATHERINE
(softly)
Goodbye, Nick.

He stares at her. A long beat.

CATHERINE
I finished my book.
(a beat)
Didn't you hear me?
(a beat)
Your character's dead.
(a beat)
Good-bye.

She walks to the door to the terrace. He stares at her. He can't believe what she is saying.

CATHERINE
What do you want, Nick, flowers? --
I'll send you an autographed copy.

She walks out onto the terrace.

150 EXT. TERRACE 150

He follows her outside. She turns off the computer. The screen goes blank.

NICK
What is this -- some kind of...
joke?
(a beat; he almost
smiles)
Are we playing games again?

CATHERINE
The games are over. You were
right. It was the fuck of the
century, Shooter.

He stares at her.

A VOICE INSIDE
Catherine?

Nick looks. Hazel Dobkins stands in the doorway.

Catherine still has her eyes on him.

CATHERINE
Right there.

A beat, and then she turns to go inside. Hazel Dobkins smiles slowly at him.

151 EXT. STREET NEAR BAY BRIDGE - DUSK 151

He sits in his Porsche, staring ahead. He is parked at a curb with the Bay Bridge in the background. Gus' Cadillac pulls to a stop next to him and honks.

GUS
Get in.

Gus leans over and opens the passenger door. Nick gets out of his car and gets into the Cadillac.

GUS
(excited)
Catherine Tramell's roommate her freshman year, I got a call from her...

152 INT. CADILLAC - DUSK 152

They drive up a ramp to the bridge.

GUS
I've been phoning people from her dorm all day. She must've heard I was trying to reach her. She says she knows all about Catherine and Lisa Henderson. She's over in Oakland; come on.

Nick just stares ahead.

GUS
You look like you seen a ghost, son?

Nick looks at him, says nothing.

GUS
That's not all. Johnny Boz's psychiatrist has an office on Van Ness. Guess who he shares office space with? Dr. ELisabeth Garner.

Nick doesn't even respond. Gus looks at him.

GUS
What in hell's the matter with you?

Nick doesn't say anything, stares ahead.

153 EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING - OAKLAND - NIGHT 153

Gus gets out and starts toward the old building. So does Nick.

GUS
I'll be in suite 405. -- Where the hell you goin'?

NICK
(after a beat)
I'm going with you.

GUS
You're on leave, son. -- It ain't gonna take long.

Gus walks off. A beat, and Nick gets back in the car.

154 INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 154

Gus is on the first floor. There is no one around. He hits the elevator button. A beat, and it comes. He steps in.

155 INT. THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 155

He hits the button for the fourth floor.

The elevator rises a floor, stops. The door opens. There is no one there. Then it starts going up again. It rises to the third floor. It stops. The door opens. There is no one there. Then it starts to rise again.

156 EXT. GUS' CADILLAC - NIGHT 156

Nick sits there, staring ahead.

NICK
(suddenly, screaming)
Gus!

Nick jumps out of the car and runs into the building.

157 INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 157

He rushes to the elevator, sees that it's rising, dashes to the stairwell, flings open the door, runs in.

158 INT. THE ELEVATOR 158

As it goes up. It stops. The door starts to open. As it does -- a figure in a hooded raincoat sweeps into the elevator. It happens very fast. We see blonde hair around the face. But we don't see the face itself -- the head is down, the hood up. There is an ice pick in the figure's hand. The figure explodes into Gus. The ice pick goes into his neck, his cheek, his neck, his neck...

159 INT. THE STAIRWAY 159

Nick tears desperately up the stairway -- he hits the fourth floor door. It explodes open.

160 INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR 160

He stands there a beat, sees the elevator door open. He runs there. He sees Gus, crumpled unconscious in the corner of the elevator. Blood spurts from a puncture in his neck.

161 INT. THE ELEVATOR 161

Nick rushes into the elevator -- tries to stop the flow of blood with his hands.

NICK
Gus... Gus...

The blood gushes between Nick's fingers. He tries harder. No use.

He holds Gus. Gus' eyes glaze over.

The elevator doors close, butt against Gus' body, and rebound open.

Nick sees the gun in Gus' hand -- he takes it. He runs out of the elevator.

162 INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR 162

He runs down a hallway, around a couple of corners. He stops, gun in hand, listens. All he hears is the K-chunk of the elevator doors butting Gus' body. He runs again, hears nothing.

He senses that someone is behind him. He spins around. A woman is there in the shadows.

NICK
Freeze!

She moves forward. It's Beth.

BETH
What are you doing here?

NICK
(screaming)
Put your hands up!

BETH
Where's Gus?

She has her hands in her pockets. She seems to be holding something.

NICK
(screams)
Put your fucking hands up! Don't move.

BETH
I got a message on my machine to meet Gus here. -- Where is he?

She moves her hand in her pocket. She is holding a bulky object.

NICK
(screams)
Don't! Don't move!
(a beat)
I know about your husband. You still like girls, Beth?

BETH
What?

She smiles strangely, takes a step towards him.

NICK
(screams)
Take your hands out of your pockets!

She moves towards him fast --

BETH
What is wrong with you?

And he FIRES the gun. She is hit in the chest, goes down. A long beat, and then he goes to her. He gets down on the ground. Her eyes are open. He empties the pockets of the windbreaker -- first one, then the other. She is holding her mace-cannister key chain in her right hand.

BETH
(in a whisper)
I loved you.

And she dies.

163 INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR - LATER 163

A lot of policemen, coroner's guys, Harrigan and some of the Internal Affairs guys, photos being taken. Nick sits on the floor against a wall. Lt. Walker crouches down in front of him.

LT. WALKER
(confused, concerned)
What made you think she had a gun?

Nick says nothing; he looks like a zombie.

LT. WALKER
What the hell was she doing here?
What was Gus doing here?
(can't get through)
Nick! Why did you come here?

Andrews yells to them from the stairway door.

ANDREWS
Lieutenant!

164 INT. THE STAIRWAY 164

A FORENSICS MAN very carefully handles a hooded raincoat in the stair landing above the fourth floor. He wears gloves.

Nick is there with Lt. Walker.

The Forensics Man picks the raincoat up -- a long blonde wig falls out of it. There are flecks of blood on it.

He reaches into the pocket and pulls out an ice pick. It has a thin steel handle and is bloody. He hands the ice pick to an assistant.

He looks at the raincoat. It has blood on it.

THE FORENSICS MAN
It's one of ours.

He shows the stenciled letters on the back: SFPD.

LT. WALKER
(quietly)
Jesus.

165 INT. BETH GARNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 165

The homicide team is swarming about. DETECTIVE #1 handles Beth's big keychain and jiggles the broken lock on the front door. Amidst the activity, Nick sits motionless at a table and plays back the messages on Beth's answering machine. All he hears is blank tape hiss.

Andrews comes up to Lt. Walker. He has a gun in his hands.

ANDREWS
Thirty-eight caliber revolver. In the bookcase, behind some books.

LT. WALKER
Have ballistics check it for Nilsen.

Harrigan comes out.

HARRIGAN
Lieutenant, you'd better come in here.

Lt. Walker goes into the kitchen. Nick follows him.

166 INT. KITCHEN 166

There are several cops around a kitchen cabinet. A drawer is open.

Walker looks -- we look with him. We see a copy of Love Hurts, Catherine's paperback book, and a stack of photos of Catherine.

Walker picks the photos up, goes through them -- we see shots of Catherine in college -- Catherine at a fight -- Catherine with Johnny Boz -- Catherine with Roxy.

He hands the photos to Nick.

Nick stares at them.

LT. WALKER
I guess that's it.

167 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT 167

Nick sits, his feet up. He looks like a zombie. With him are Lt. Walker, Andrews, Harrigan, and at least two other plainclothes DETECTIVES. A flurry of activity, people on phones. Andrews is on the phone. DETECTIVE #1 drops the police department raincoat on the table next to the blonde wig.

DETECTIVE #1
It's her size. We checked.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
She must've heard you on the stairway and dumped the stuff.

Nick just stares through an interior window at Captain Talcott, who is making a statement to a group of television reporters. DETECTIVE #2 comes over to them.

DETECTIVE #2
There was no suite 405 in that building. Catherine Tramell's roommate in her freshman year is dead. She died of leukemia two years ago. Here's a fax of her death certificate.

He hands it to Lt. Walker.

Andrews speaks on the phone.

ANDREWS
What about Salinas? Hold on.

Andrews sees I.A. Guy pass by the open doorway. He puts down the phone and runs into the hallway after him.

ANDREWS
Jack! Jack! -- Did you check Nilsen's files on Beth Garner?

I.A. GUY
(nods)
No police report from Berkeley, and nothing at all about Salinas.

ANDREWS
Thanks.

Andrews goes back into Lt. Walker's office and picks up the phone.

ANDREWS
I'm back.
(listens)
Okay, thanks.

Andrews hangs up and turns to the others.

ANDREWS
Ballistics says the .38 we found in her apartment was used on Nilsen. No registration. They're checking with Salinas. The icepick is the same brand and model as the Boz weapon.

Harrigan comes up to them.

HARRIGAN
We checked the tape machines at Dr. Garner's apartment and at her office -- both here and the one on Van Ness. No message from Gus on any of em. The tape at her apartment was unused.
(more)

HARRIGAN (Cont'd)
(a beat)
Johnny Boz's psychiatrist says he thinks he remembers Dr. Garner and Boz meeting at a Christmas party at his house a year ago.

A long beat.

LT. WALKER
(after a long beat, sadly)
You just can't tell about people, can you. Even the ones you think you know inside-out.

He and Nick look at each other a beat.

CAPT. TALCOTT
Congratulations, Curran.

Nick looks at him, expressionless.

168 EXT. ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO (HELICOPTER SHOT) - NIGHT 168

Following Nick's Porsche through the deserted streets.

169 EXT. HIS APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT 169

He parks his car. It is dark. Foggy.

He starts heading inside.

170 INT. HIS APARTMENT HOUSE / LOBBY AND STAIRS - NIGHT 170

He goes in. He walks up several flights of steps.

171 INT. THE CORRIDOR TO HIS APARTMENT 171

He opens his door with his key.

172 INT. HIS APARTMENT 172

He walks in. The apartment is dark.

A VOICE
(behind him)
Hi.

It is a whisper, almost a hiss. He spins, fast. Catherine stands there, pressing herself against a wall. They look at each other a long beat. She looks like she is almost in a trance.

CATHERINE
I heard about it... on TV.

He looks at her, expressionless. A long beat, their eyes are into each other. She looks like she is almost shivering.

CATHERINE
I can't allow myself to care about you -- I can't allow myself to care -- I can't -- I can't --

She looks very emotional. He moves towards her, puts his arms around her, holds her very close.

CATHERINE
(in a whisper)
I don't want to do this -- please -- I don't want to do this -- I lose everybody -- I don't want to lose you -- I don't want to --

He presses her closer and closer to himself, holds her.

173 INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT 173

It is dark; we can't see clearly.

Atop her... he makes love to her... gently... tenderly... hardly moving inside her... there are tears in her eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

174 INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER 174

Atop him... she is on her knees, straddling him... he is on his back, his eyes closed... her head arches back... her breasts high... he strains toward her with his body..she holds her arms high... her right hand is in a fist... (we only see the back of her hand and arm)... it comes down suddenly... he bucks... writhes... then her whole body falls on top of him.

A very long beat...

We can't see him... her body completely covers him...

And then finally he moves... turns her to the side... kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER 175

The Stones play "Sympathy for the Devil" in the b.g.; the MUSIC is low.

They lie next to each other on the bed. The CAMERA faces them. He lies, staring at the ceiling, on the left side of the bed, smoking a cigarette. She is curled away from him toward the right side of the bed. A long beat, then --

CATHERINE
What do we do now, Nick?

NICK
(after a long beat)
We fuck like minks. We raise rugrats. We live happily ever after.

We see her right arm go to the side of the bed and then over. He stares at the ceiling.

CATHERINE
I hate rugrats.

NICK
(after a long beat)
We fuck like minks. We forget the rugrats. We live happily ever after.

We see from an ANGLE to the right of the bed now:

Her face is expressionless. Her right arm dangles over the right side of the bed. Her right hand is clenched. Is she holding something in it against her arm?

We see them from an ANGLE to the left side of the bed now:

He turns his body away from her to put out his cigarette.

We see her behind him slowly turning towards him and the CAMERA. A beat, and he turns towards her.

They look at each other. A long beat as the SONG gets louder. We see them in CLOSEUP. We don't see her right arm.

CATHERINE
(in a whisper)
I love you.

A beat, and he kisses her. The CAMERA BACKS AWAY from them slowly to the right side of the bedroom as they kiss, and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

...A long beat, as the SONG keeps playing... and we...

FADE IN:

We see them from the right side of the bedroom. And then the CAMERA LOWERS SLOWLY as they kiss with more and more passion.

It keeps going LOWER.

There is something under the bed. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER towards it as "SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" plays louder. We see it now in CLOSEUP as the bed rustles above...

It is a thin, steel-handled ice pick.

The SONG plays LOUDER and LOUDER.

Pleased to meet you --
hope you guess my name,
But what's puzzlin' you
is just the nature of my game...

And we --

FADE OUT.

THE END